

*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**



- **God's Laboratory in Life—Kathleen Bailey**
- **Interracial Friendship in the Family—Leon R. Robison**

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# The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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### How's Your Culinary Rating?

Are you one of those people who stick to a rigid, monotonous diet? Liver and onions on Monday night; macaroni and cheese on Tuesday; meatloaf on Wednesday, etc. If you are in this category, you are unfortunate indeed, for you have never discovered the vast storehouse of gastronomical treats that are just waiting to make your tastebuds jump for joy. "But my husband only likes meat and potatoes," you moan. "He won't eat anything else." The chances are that he has eaten very little of anything else, and he has probably never eaten any of the foods that he professes to dislike. Try fixing some new taste treats for your family. I bet that they'll like them, too!

**What's Here?** You can finish reading "Musings of a Parent," by Lois O. Swick. Those of you who are interested can obtain reprints of this article from the author at Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma.

We have a big surprise for those of you who enjoy watching Lawrence Welk's TV shows. It's an article about the Lennon Sisters, Mr. Welk's charming quartet, and their very interesting family. Don't miss "Four Sisters of Song," by Gaspard St. Onge.

A strep throat, a broken leg, or even a cold can keep your teen-ager in bed for awhile. Margaret S. Ward has an article, "Helping Your Teen-Ager Face Illness," which should aid you in caring for the needs of an ailing young person.

Most of us are annoyed with children who "show off"; but the situation hits us more forcefully if our own bairns are the guilty ones. If you are troubled with this problem, read Aubrey B. Haines' very fine article, "Redirecting the 'Show-Off.'"

In the last few years many Americans have been experiencing racial integration for the first time. As Christian people, we believe that we are all children of God, and, as such, have an equal status; we believe that all people deserve the rights and privileges which are our American heritage. Yet many do not put their high ideals into practice. "I know that he [a Negro] is just as good as I am," someone told me recently, "but still I could never eat at the same table with him." Leon R. Robison, who lived in the South until he was a young man, has written our excellent study article and guide on "Interracial Friendship in the Family." He tells of the problems that he had to face before he could accept the Negro as a friend and equal. His solutions should be of great value to all who are struggling to put their ideals into practice.

Till next Month,  
S. W.



# GOD'S LABORATORY IN LIFE

*by Kathleen Bailey*

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

The couple being married, in love, and feeling the abandon that gracefully clothes youth, seldom stop to realize that they stand on holy ground. Holy "because the dangers are so great and the opportunities are so tremendous. The gamble is for high stakes, and it is for keeps! . . . We are filled with wonder when we watch two people as they stand before an altar and pledge their lifelong devotion to each other. Two people who have never really lived together at all, undertake, by a sudden act, to live together all the rest of their lives."<sup>1</sup>

Every couple soon learns that marriage is a serious business. It was out of this realization that a family group came into being in our small town. It was not a church group, though a group of its nature would

best function within a church. We had young homemakers from several churches; we had Catholics, a Mormon, and young women who did not belong to any church. We had young wives and mothers who had no social life, and we had a few who had little else but social life. In the family group there were those from the very low income brackets, a few who were quite well off, and of course there were all those in between. This group was not another club, another clique. It was composed of homemakers who, in their early years of marriage, wanted a happy, satisfying family relationship. In short, they wanted their marriages to work.

In the beginning we did not have a textbook. So we took the marriage vows one at a time. Did you ever spend a whole evening with a single marriage



The family is God's basic unit. Without the family other institutions would have little value.



vow? It is amazing what we pledged ourselves to live by, live up to, embrace, and in some instances endure until death!

We began to learn. We learned that we were all average people, and perfectly normal. We discovered that marital happiness and marital irregularities are not bound by certain social sets and income brackets. We found out that when two people with different backgrounds, different psychologies, and different habits decide to live together, the one thing that is inevitable is conflict. That revelation was important, and it removed some of the feeling of shock and failure. We found that compatibility is not dependent on *agreement*; it hinges on *understanding*. The difference and difficulties that a married couple have are not so significant as their reaction to them. The response to the trouble determines the situation, and allows the pain to eat like a cancer or stretch their soul into abiding love. "Love and suffering are sisters; their purpose in life is neither to make us happy nor make us miserable, but to ennoble our characters; to make us capable of loving without the desire to possess, and of suffering without whining. As such, love and suffering become inexhaustible sources of spiritual beauty."<sup>2</sup>

We observe that there is never a sky, if we watch long enough, that does not have clouds appear. We knew, from experience, that there is never a marriage that does not have its disappointments. Just as the clouds "temper the glare of the sun" in the sky, they soften lives within a family. Clouds are not meant to darken; they are meant to brighten some edges that catch a reflected light, and they always add beauty and color. We learned to look at clouds.

No one in the family group claimed to be like the woman about whom we read. She said, "My husband and I have been married for thirty-seven years, and we have never had a single difference of opinion." One wife said, "How boring!" We did not try to find or define the ideal family. We decided that the ideal family does not exist, for what would be ideal in America would not be so ideal in other parts of the world. We did not pass out rules saying, "Go home and do this, and this, and this, and everything will be lovely at your house." We knew that a rule or technique that works at one house may not work at another—it seldom works at ours two days in succession! We talked about attitudes, good and bad, and the effect that each has upon the total family relationship. We concluded that happiness is a cultivation of right attitudes, and unhappiness in marriage is more likely to be a matter of character than of circumstance.

It was announced one evening that at the next meeting of the family group "unfaithfulness" would be discussed. That subject has a unique way of touching everyone. Unfortunately, unfaithfulness is always associated with sexual immorality, and the underlying causes are rarely studied. We learned that faithfulness and unfaithfulness are threads of inestimable strength that are woven into every marital relationship. They are at cross purposes with each other, and they are not always recognized and

labeled for their true worth or distortion. Faithfulness asks no defense, and certainly it wants no applause. For love and faithfulness are one, and love is its own reward. Unfaithfulness often works under the cover of poor judgment, selfishness, and immaturity. Unfaithfulness is not merely breaking the seventh commandment; it is breaking a mate's hope, spirit, and dream. Unfaithfulness involves one's attitude toward his mother-in-law, his refusal to mature emotionally, and his tenacious grip on having his own way.

When we finally got around to sex and the part that it plays in unfaithfulness, our study had revealed that infidelity is seldom a cause of trouble, and almost always a result of trouble. The lack of common sense, of humility, and of understanding destroys more marriages than unfaithfulness (sex immorality). Selfishness, constant fault finding, and a lack of affectionate concern destroy more marriages than does infidelity.

Certainly, we did not decide that sex should be treated lightly. It is one of God's gifts, and therefore it is a sacrament. Nevertheless, we came to know that sex should be treated intelligently, not sentimentally. Sex, like love, is not a sentiment. It is a right relationship, and the quality of any family relationship is dependent upon the lovers.

The family group was in no way a confessional of our own shortcomings nor those of our husbands. A social party would not prompt more laughter and good humor. One evening a sparkling, refreshing young wife said, "We can't decide who is going to be the boss at our house. John feels that he must tread in his father's footsteps, and that means he is the boss; but in some instances my judgment is better than his. How can I prove it?" In marriage we don't iron out wrinkles by proving that one's mate is incapable. We get along by mutual superiority and mutual appreciation. That mutuality is not ours as a result of saying, "I do." It is a by-product of years of learning and refinement. Every married man is bound to a woman who is wiser than he in some ways, and he is wiser than she in other ways. If they use their different types of wisdom and strength to pull against each other, the divorce court is likely to have another case. If, however, they use their superiorities to enrich and supplement each other, they will prove to be a winning team.

This saying always has a sobering effect on a woman: "If you insist on wearing the pants, don't be surprised to find another girl wearing the fur coat."

Being "just a housewife" has become both an art and a profession to young women. They feel an unmistakable dignity and destiny in woman's place in the home. They agree that it does not make any difference how beautiful, gifted, or talented a woman may be. She is never more successful and charming than when she keeps a house to which a man is eager to return at the close of day. Of course, Peter Marshall put glamour where it belongs when he said,

(Continued on page 28)





Reprints of parts 1 and 2 of this article are available from the author at Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma.

# MUSINGS OF A PARENT

## Part 2

by Lois O. Swick

I like my child, and I want him to like himself. For each of us the world of experience is a private world. As he comes to awareness of self, he will have the experience of, "I see," "I want," "I can touch," "I am." Soon will come evaluation: "I am good" or "I am bad." I know that he will be exasperating at times, but he is not really a bad child; only some of the things that he does are displeasing. He has within him, as a human being, the capacity to grow, to become mature, and to be pleasing and capable. So many kinds of possibilities are hidden within him which I hope *do* have a chance to be expressed. Unless the people whom he respects most act as though they think he is someone special, where will his sense of worth come from? He will make his share of mistakes, but I want him *not* to feel caught in helplessness. I shall try to see that his feelings of worthiness and adequacy outweigh those of unworthiness and inadequacy.

### Growing Toward a Self with Inner Controls

My child is constantly changing. I must remember that growth is a slow process, crucial but not automatic. I want him eventually to become independent, but I do not want him to act like an adult just now. I want him to act like a child. I must remember that growth moves by spurts. So I will not show anger or disappointment when he does not perform *always* so well as he should. I must recognize that he must do his own growing and at his own speed. I won't press him to "keep up with the Joneses," to walk, or to talk, or to read because someone else did at his age. When he is three years old, I want him to know that it is safe to act like a two-year-old sometimes and not feel compelled to act as though he were five. I like a little "babying" myself at times. When he fluctuates from independence to dependence, when it looks as though he takes almost as many

steps backward as forward, I will remember that this, too, is part of growing. Nevertheless, I want him to know that I stand by to help in whatever is really beyond his ability at the moment. I want to provide opportunity for him to take the next step when *he* is ready. Tying his own shoes may inconvenience me because his effort takes more time; but I shall remind myself that this represents movement in the right direction. Always I shall try to keep in touch with how he feels.

There are those times when my child needs to be "corrected" . . . there's the acid test! How does he perceive me then? Do I remember on those occasions how his behavior is *caused*? Sometimes the behavior is his effort at communicating with me. Often, "I won't" really means, "I don't want to." I shall not demand that he deny the feeling. I want him to become able to stand up for himself. I want to deal with these beginnings of self-assertion in ways which do



not make him so "obedient" or "easy to handle" that he grows up to have "no mind of his own." To be moved about like a chessman is never to become a genuine person. I do want to teach him, however, that in life he will have to do some things that he doesn't care for. I want him to learn to do these things willingly and agreeably.

Because I can see consequences which he cannot see, he has a right to expect me to set limits. I can serve him by reducing this immense, unintelligible world to a size that is manageable for him. While he is trying to "get the hang of things," I must not be so changeable that he cannot discern any world of order. Taking care of him includes giving the support that he needs to keep himself out of trouble. I want him to see me not as a punisher of bad deeds, but more as a helper in doing good deeds. Just as I strive to protect him from bodily injury, I shall try to protect him from unnecessary suffering and emotional stress . . . but I will not overprotect him. The developing of inner controls is the goal of "discipline," but he does not need now to take full responsibility for himself. When he misbehaves, is he saying that he needs punishment or that he needed help

and support where I failed to give it?

I want him not to be too fearful to do things, nor to feel that all his actions are calamitous. No person can do all the things that he has an impulse to do. So at times I *must* stop him . . . but I still love him, enough to take care of him in these ways. I shall be approving and comforting in his times of need, so that as a maker and enforcer of rules I do not become an enemy. If the basic need for love, belonging, and support are met, he will make his way to controls within. I look for the signs by which he tells me when I am making too many requirements, or expecting too much too soon.

### We Live by the Way We Feel

When restraints which make no sense to him must be imposed, I shall try to remember how it feels to be thwarted. I know that his anger is a response to frustration, not an expression of permanent dislike for me. I shall try to accept his feelings and his words. He does get angry, he does hate, and he does mean it when he says, "I don't like you." Those are his feelings at the moment, and he has a right to them. If I respond in love, such feelings will pass. I shall try to communicate through

both my body and my words that it is normal to have feelings; and I shall try to help him find acceptable ways of expressing these feelings.

As a child he will experience the whole gamut of emotion. Like me, he has many different feelings existing side by side: like and dislike, love and hate, joy and sadness, pride and humility. I want him not to fear being frightened in the face of danger, being angry when there is cause for anger, or being in tears when there is reason for crying.

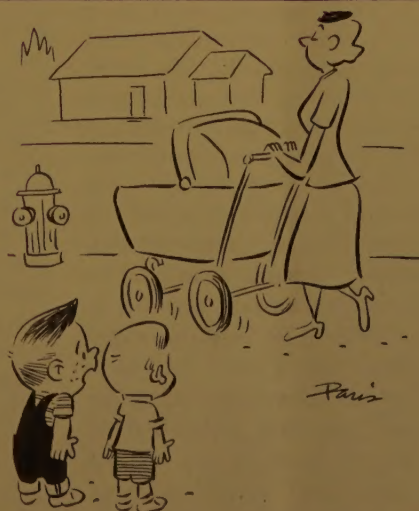
I must admit to him that I have feelings, too. What does he learn from my anger? When I fuss at him because I was up too late last night, do I let him know that the cause is in me, not in him? It is impossible to be a perfect parent, and a child can learn that adulthood is not a perfect state.

Even though I carry tremendous responsibility for my child's development, he is still an individual. I want him to be a distinctive person.

I want him to love people. I want him to share the abundance of his life with others. Through responding to human love a child finds his way to God's love and a faith which includes a deep and reassuring sense of the worth of himself and of others.

I am a Christian parent. My family soon discovers where I really put my trust. Because I have had more time for living, my children rightly can expect me to guide them in the Christian faith. If there is understanding and communication of feeling between us, our religious acts will have meaning. Religion will not be a second-hand article. My family will know God. We will live with him in our times of greatest joy, as well as in times of difficulty. We can become explicit in sharing with him the concerns of our lives: the new car, the burned fingers, the award earned, the misunderstanding. Prayer will not be an effort to communicate with God in some far distant place. It will be recognizing that he is here. We will know that "God is love."

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"It's a shame to waste good soapbox wheels like that on a baby carriage."





# A Day Away

When they had dropped Jessie off and returned home, Abby looked up at him. "Are you very angry, dear?" she asked.

by *Edna Bevan*

Abby Nilson drew a circle around the 25th on the kitchen calendar. Not that she needed the circle to remember the date, but just to make her feel better about going.

Of course, Jim noticed the circle that evening at the dinner table. "What's this for, hon?" he asked.

"My day off," replied Abby. "I'm planning to attend the writers' conference at the university with Jessie."

Jim's eyebrows climbed toward his hair, "Oh, so you're really serious?"

"Sure am!"

"Well, I won't retire yet." Jim reached over and cut Donnie's meat for him. Abby studied his

face. Jim did not approve of women chasing about, and she knew that her statement must have had somewhat the effect of an explosion. Abby had never gone off for the day like this before; but lately being shut in the house with the three little ones had worn on her nerves. Besides, she yearned for an interest all her own.

"I'll be home to fix your dinner," she said.

"You'd better, or I'll get me a newer model," he replied. "I presume you have picked a day when yours truly will be available for baby-sitting."

"Absolutely! I'm fussy about my sitters." Abby scraped mashed

potatoes off the baby's chin and shoveled them back into his mouth.

Abby couldn't explain even to herself how she felt. Jim had always been good, taking her out before the children came. But they really could not afford sitters, and to take the children with them now was a major operation. They would go for drives on Sunday, and they had even tried camping with the Kenyons. But it had been pure torture. Abby thought about the struggle, cleaning and getting the clothes ready. Then when they had got there, she and Barbara had been stuck in camp while the men went fishing. Abby inwardly resented the fact that a man could just go anywhere, while



*In desperation she tried to think of something else to blot out that terrible guilty feeling that threatened to suffocate her again.*

a woman was tied down day and night.

Then she was ashamed of herself, seeing how Jim was helping two-year-old Kathy down from her high chair. Abby hugged the baby, dirty face and all, as she carried him into the bathroom. She was a lucky gal and shouldn't have to have a day off. What was the matter with her, anyway? She almost had half a notion to call Jessie and say that she couldn't go. But she didn't.

Then came the 23rd, and Jim found out that he would have to work the 25th after all. "Sorry, hon," he said. "Maybe we can take a night off and go out all by ourselves, huh?"

Abby said nothing. The lump in her throat got in the way. Here she had always been saying that a night out with Jim would be all that she would ask; and when she was offered it, it wasn't enough. She had always pattered around with stories and poems in her spare time; all she had to do was really to buckle down to work. Jessie had sold over 300 stories.

"You're not backing out on me, are you, Abby?" asked Jessie when she called that afternoon. "I don't want to go alone. Why not just get a sitter?"

"But they're so expensive. And who will I get?"

"I guess you can spend a little on yourself for a change. I know just the woman—she lives only a block from you, and can walk over to your house in the morning with me."

Abby didn't argue, even when she mentally added up the expenses. She could get lots of clothes for the children by what she was going to spend. She wondered if she dared tell Jim.

While she was debating the point

with herself, Jim noticed the check stub.

"Eight dollars for writers' conference," he whistled. "I thought you weren't going."

"I've got a baby sitter." Abby tried to sound firm and professional. "Jessie found her for me, and she's supposed to be good. I've decided that this is just too good a chance to miss; there'll be all kinds of successful writers there. So I know it will be worth my while."

"Those successful writers will just let you in on how long it took them to make their first \$10 check."

"I know it will take a long time, but maybe this will help bring that time sooner." Abby knew she was giving only part of her reason for going. For her the day would be one of pure pleasure, if only she could get rid of this guilty feeling that kept plaguing her.

She hustled on with her housework, not giving Jim a chance to say more.

On the morning of the conference, Abby was up at five. She hadn't slept well the night before, being so excited about the day ahead. Jim arose for breakfast at 6:30 and ate in silence. Before he left for work, he said, "Don't miss a single golden word, hon. You're going to have to write an epic when you come back to reimburse the family budget." He was smiling, but Abby wondered if there wasn't a twinge of bitterness in his remark. Maybe there still was time to back out.

Squelching this last qualm, however, she donned her good hat and was ready at the door when Jessie walked up with the sitter.

"This is Mrs. Wilson." Jessie introduced the kindly, heavy-set woman.

Abby could tell right away that

Mrs. Wilson would more than do. When they drove off, Mrs. Wilson had all three children waving happily out the big window.

"Oh, what a beautiful morning," sang Jessie.

Abby joined in, laughing. She felt wonderful all over.

The whole day was beautiful. Writers from all over the United States were there, including Abby's favorite, Pat Nordstrom. She wished that she dared buy her last book just to have it autographed; but she remembered Jim whistling over the registration check.

"Let's stay for the evening," Jessie said. By this time, Abby was glad that she had suggested it. They couldn't go, not with Eldred Barnes speaking on the short story.

"I'll call home and let Jim know," agreed Abby gaily.

Her heart thumped loudly as she heard her number ring. Jim was not home yet, but Mrs. Wilson said that she would stay until he did get home.

The evening was a delightful inspiration. When the time came to go, Abby was surprised to see that it was after 10.

There was much to talk over with Jessie, as they pulled out of the campus. Jessie was the perfect companion for this day, a zany combination of bubbling enthusiasm and dead seriousness. They had crossed town and had driven well out into the suburbs before Abby noticed something wrong with the engine.

"Oh, oh, better pull into a station."

"I didn't notice any being open." Jessie stopped talking, and they both began looking down side streets. Abby sighed with relief when they found one at last—just at the bottom of a three-mile hill. She knew that they



could never have made it to the top. Abby noticed the illuminated dial of a clock in the station window. Eleven o'clock! Jim would be asleep by now.

Abby knew even as she turned the engine off that it would not start again. The attendant filled the gas tank, and after another futile try, Abby wondered what to do.

"I'd better call Jim," she said finally, sure that he would want to make a decision about the car himself.

"The phone's that way," the attendant pointed.

She found a dime, dropped it in the coin slot. No dial tone. She dropped another in. Absolute silence!

"A fine howdy-do," she laughed. "The phone is dead, too."

"Here, let me." The attendant dropped in a dime of his own. When this did not work either, he banged violently on the telephone box. "That's funny," he said, looking at Abby. "It was working a little while ago."

Abby laughed nervously.

"Now what?" asked Jessie, rolling her eyes in mock terror.

"How far do you live from here?" The attendant, who on second look seemed to be a kindly little old fellow, appeared to be debating with himself.

"About five miles," said Abby.

"Tell you what I'll do," said the attendant, bringing out each word slowly and deliberately. "Sure you don't want me to fix it?" he asked quickly before making his proposition.

Abby nodded a firm "No."

"We-e-ell, you could take my car and try to find a phone in the Georgetown shopping district, just down the road."

"That's pretty nice of you," said Jessie. "It isn't everyone

who would lend two strangers his car."

"I don't know if I could drive it," said Abby fearfully. "I've only driven one other car besides our own."

"Oh, you could drive mine," the attendant assured her. "It has the same shift and is the same year as yours."

When Abby got the engine of his car started, she could see what he meant. It sounded just like their car, like an airplane climbing for altitude.

"Now, let's not bang into anybody," said Jessie, gripping the seat in mock anxiety.

"Anything can happen tonight," reminded Abby.

The only place open in Georgetown was a drugstore, and the proprietor was just getting ready to close for the night. He grumbled when Abby pleaded to use his phone. "Hurry up, though. I can't keep this place open all night," he said emphatically.

Abby smiled weakly at the irate druggist and inserted a dime in the slot. Jim's voice, heavy with sleep, came over the wire. Hearing Abby answer him, he became more alert. "Say, where are you anyway?" he demanded. Briefly, Abby told him the whole story.

"I'll get Steve Kenyon to lend me his car," said Jim. "Their lights are on. So maybe Barbara will baby-sit. Be there quick as I can."

Abby couldn't tell whether he was angry yet or not. Jim did not get angry often; but when he did, it came slowly and mounted to gigantic proportions. Abby wondered momentarily whether it was better to bicker constantly as the Kenyons did. In desperation she tried to think of something else to blot out that terrible guilty feeling that threatened to suffocate her

again.

As they were waiting, Jessie commented, "All that car needs is Jim's foot on the gas pedal."

Abby nodded in solemn silence.

Jim arrived at last, hair tousled.

"Didn't know my day off would be so long." Abby tried to sound gay as she addressed Jim, whose head was already under the engine hood.

Jim didn't say anything for a moment.

"Vapor locked, probably," he told the attendant. "Happened once before."

He had Abby drive the Kenyons' car and give him a push.

"I hate to push cars," said Jessie, climbing in beside her. "That's a real man's work."

But strangely, Abby was glad for the chance to be helpful.

The car started after just a block's push, and Abby knew that Jim had been right as usual.

When they had dropped Jessie off and returned home, Abby looked up at Jim.

"Are you very angry, dear?" she asked.

"Why, no," laughed Jim. "Whatever made you think I was? You couldn't help it if the car broke down."

"You were so quiet, and I guess I always think you resent my writing," Abby said lamely.

"Why you silly little wife," Jim exclaimed. "The Lord meant us each to be different. And, as for my being quiet, I was just regretting the fact that I couldn't go fishing tomorrow with Steve if something were really wrong with our car."

So he had made plans to go fishing again! Abby felt the resentment rise in her. Men could just take off! Then she stopped short. This was standard reaction for her.

(Continued on page 28)



# Four Sisters of Song

*by Gaspard St. Onge*



Donned in choir robes, the Lennon Sisters, Kathy, 14; Dianne, 18; Peggy, 17; and Janet, 11 (in front) sing Easter songs on the Lawrence Welk show.

There was spring in Bill Lennon's step. Southern California's fall air carried just a touch of crispness that promised more of the same in a few weeks.

Bill was on his way to a football game. Football, he felt, was the noblest of sports. It had everything—skill, daring, contact, split-second decision, crafty generalship. It had all the color and excitement, the glory and the grandeur that Hollywood calls colossal. Yes, there was nothing like football.

The solemn Pacific, placid a few hours earlier, was now kicking up whitecaps, and Bill tried to figure

what the wind would do to Venice High's passing attack.

That vaunted attack was depended on to win, and a calculating smile wreathed Bill's face as he contemplated the slaughter.

He reached the stadium and was taking the steps two at a time. His seat was on the west side. The sun would not be in his eyes.

With the game under way, Bill's attention was annoyingly disturbed by a group of girls directly in front of him. Their chatter was incessant. Their



cries were raucous. Worse, yet, not knowing the game, they screamed at nothing at all, or cheered the opposition's gains.

That is, all of them except one. Although a member of the group, she ignored her friends' hilarity, made no foolish remarks, and kept her eyes on the players.

This Bill could appreciate. He began to appreciate other things. He saw the warm glow of brown eyes that accidentally turned in his direction when he called a hot dog vendor. Later he saw those eyes gleam with appreciation during a beautiful end run.

cided that there was only one way of doing so—a frontal attack. Bill marched up to her, introduced himself, and offered to escort her home.

Thus budded and blossomed the romance that became the Lennon family, which today basks in the smiles of four lovely daughters, the singing Lennon Sisters, famed throughout their homeland and abroad.

Years after the football game, romance again took the Lennons by the hand and sent them swinging on a star. Dianne, eldest of Bill and Isobel Lennon's daughters, was being squired home from a community gathering by Larry Welk, son of the TV maestro.

*The story of the Lennon Sisters,  
the charming quartet on Lawrence Welk's TV show.*



Peggy, Dianne, Kathy, and Bill and Isobel Lennon, parents of the girls, all listen to what Janet has to say.

He saw soft brown curls frame a saucy black silk hat. He saw small, exquisite hands clap just twice after a touchdown, then remain clasped together.

This girl could experience keen emotion and still control it. Bill was watching a crucial play now, but his eyes couldn't keep from straying in the direction of the provocative brunette. He wished that the game were over. The flags, the music, the dash and color of between-halves ceremonies were pale potatoes.

When the final whistle blew, Bill was less interested in the score than he was in meeting the girl. He de-

Larry, who was in her class in high school and had often heard Dianne and her sisters sing, asked her why she didn't give some thought to the idea of singing on his father's TV program.

"I'll give it some thought," said Dianne. "But what kind of thought will your father give it?"

Larry decided to take a hand. When he broached the idea to his father, however, Papa Welk gave him a cold stare, cleared his throat with authority, and said, "Let's have no more of this nonsense."

Larry was persistent. In his opinion, the girls



could sing. Besides his efforts would do him no harm in Dianne's eyes. (And she had such nice blue ones.)

Luck came Larry's way when Mr. Welk came down with a cold. Larry got on the phone, called the four girls over, and when they arrived, marched them into the presence of his father with orders to sing. They sang the well-known song "He." The maestro could do little but listen.

When they had finished, Welk couldn't erase the surprise on his face. He called his agent, Sam Lutz, and had the girls sing for him over the phone.

A week later the Lennon Sisters were on Welk's Christmas television show. They have been on his Saturday ABC-TV show ever since, and now also are on the Monday show that the ABC network started last fall.

There are nine children in the Lennon family: Dianne, 18; Peggy, 17; Kathy, 14; Janet, 11; Danny, 8; Pat, 6; Bill, 3; Mimi, 2; and Joseph, just a few months old.

Song is inherent with these people. Bill Lennon, who used to sing with his brothers in his younger days, gave up the idea of a musical career when he had to decide between that and married life. Isobel Lennon has a lucid and vibrant voice.

Almost as soon as the children could talk, they learned nursery rhymes and repeated their parents' lullabies. Dianne and Peggy sang duets before they were old enough to go to school.

When Kathy came along, she learned from her sisters; and the Lennons had a singing trio. Then little Janet arrived, and in no time her tapping toe

was making it a quartet.

While marveling at the timing, the precision, the diction, and the beauty and richness of tone that these girls produce, one is tempted to stamp them as professionals. Actually, however, they are amateurs in the real meaning of that word.

The Lennon Sisters don't know one note from another. They have never had a music lesson. They have never taken voice culture. They can't play a single musical instrument. The same can be said of their father and mother.

When the girls want to learn a song, they listen to it on a record or on the radio. Then their father uses a pitch pipe to teach them the more difficult art of singing in harmony. He also calls in his brother Pat, who is especially adept at harmony, to give the song its finishing touches.

With the Lennon family song is important, but it is only one part of their lives. There is school, church, family affairs, social life, and the million and one problems that beset the normal American home. In fact, problems are more problematical with the Lennons than with most other people.

A family of eleven requires economy and organization. It requires a firm parental hand, tempered by a warm heart. It requires understanding to replace the rule when the rule should not be applied. It requires guidance that is restrictive or lenient as good judgment dictates.

It also requires money—a lot of it—and until a couple of years ago the Lennons had very little.

Years ago Bill had a good job at Douglas Aircraft in Los Angeles; but he had to give it up when his health became impaired. The jobs that he fell into were not so good. Some were part time.

Hard times provided an incident that reveals the character of these people and their faith in God. One of Mr. Lennon's relatives wanted to make a trip. It would mean that the other Lennon relatives would have to chip in. Could the Bill Lennon family afford to contribute its share? No, it couldn't; but it did. "God would provide," Bill and Isobel Lennon said to each other.

A few days later they received a check in almost the same amount from a man who had owed them money for years and had always refused to pay.

In time Bill got a better job, not too remunerative, but steady. He was a milkman, starting work at the grim and chill hour of 5:30 A.M. The family got all the milk that they needed, and they drink gallons of it. But milk isn't all that they consume. Bread is bought almost by the cord. They have to buy about forty pairs of shoes a year. Dresses, shirts, stockings, and hats may come cheaper by the dozen, but the Lennons need many dozens.

Work at home is done according to schedule. The older children help care for the younger ones in the matter of dressing, washing, and drilling the "toothbrush brigade." The four older girls make all the beds, clean and tidy the bedrooms, and vacuum and dust the living room, where a small table holds five well-thumbed Bibles.

"When it comes to helping out in the kitchen,"



There's more! The toothbrush brigade, from left to right, is composed of Peggy, Kathy, Janet, Danny, 8, Pat, 6, Bill, 3, Mimi, 2, and Dianne. Joseph, the youngest, is not old enough to be regimented.



From left to right, Janet, Peggy, Mr. Lennon, Dianne, and Kathy in front of their "new" 40-year-old house in Venice, California.



says Mrs. Lennon, "it just depends on which one I can catch at the right moment."

Regarding dates, Dianne and Peggy started having them when they were 15, but only for supervised school activities.

When they go out now, their parents still know with whom, where they are going, and when they will be back.

The Lennons formerly lived in a two-bedroom house. Recently, however, they bought a "new" home which is forty years old, and contains five bedrooms. There is a huge palm tree in the front yard and room for games in the back yard. The ocean is about a mile and a half away.

While better times have come, the Lennons also have seen death strike with violence while God's hand kept them at a safe distance. One time the four Lennon girls flew to the Middle West for appearances with the Welk band. When they returned, they learned that the day after they left Los Angeles, the plane on which they had traveled collided in mid-air with another plane and sent 128 persons to their death in the Grand Canyon.

"We'll remember that as long as we live," says

Peggy, with Dianne and Kathy nodding in agreement.

Another scare came some months ago when the girls went to Spokane, Washington, and were nearly mobbed. Police had to be called out. The girls and their father are at a loss to explain it.

"These demonstrations," says Mr. Lennon, "generally occur when rock 'n' roll artists or other popular performers come along. But the girls were just singing their usual ballads and sentimental songs. Well, I guess no one was hurt."

Besides television, the girls have made a number of records which are paying handsome royalties. They also have contract offers from the motion picture industry. Their father expects their earnings for 1957 to run somewhere between \$30,000 and \$75,000.

But do the girls plan to make the movies or TV their career? Not one of them. They've told their father to forget about the movie offers. They are not too sure about their careers, but they don't want any kind of permanent career in the entertainment field.



# Helping Your Teen-agers Face Illness

"But, Mother, I can't be sick. I just CAN'T! This is the day of the wedding, and we were all invited to the reception afterwards. I've never been to a wedding reception. It just isn't FAIR!" The tears streamed down the fever-flushed cheeks of my disappointed teen-age daughter.

On a very chilly morning I received a phone call from the senior high school. "This is the school nurse. Your son fell down the steps on his way to school. He thought nothing happened; but his elbow is swelling, and we feel sure that there is a fracture. May we have your permission to send him to the hospital for x-rays?"

That evening, the 15-year-old,

almost six-footer, came home. His left arm was in a cast for at least six or eight weeks. He had to drop out of District Band competition and missed all of those overnight camping trips with his Explorer Scout post.

Experiences like these really do happen; and if your teen-ager is not the strong, healthy type, he may be subject to more frequent periods of illness, or even a chronic condition like asthma, hay fever, or an allergy of one form or another that he must learn to live with the rest of his life. What is the responsibility of the Christian parent at times like these? How can the family help teen-agers develop Christian attitudes toward

sickness or accident?

About that wedding reception: My daughter had a high fever and a very sore throat—probably some kind of virus, because she had seemed perfectly well the night before. She needed the attention of the family doctor, and had to spend a few days in bed. Someone had to stay home with her; and since Mother always fills that need best when children are sick, I was the one who did.

Of course, I was disappointed, too. I even had a new dress and a perky spring hat to match. I had been to other receptions, however, and I was sure that this would not be the last, nor that the end of the world had come.

This was no time for my tears; no place for a burst of temper; no need for any tirade of words to make my daughter feel guilty—just a calm, quiet, patient acceptance of the unhappy situation. I was genuinely sorry that she had to miss the wedding reception. Things like these happened to everyone sooner or later. There would be other weddings, perhaps even nicer than the one we both were missing. There was a humorous incident about a time when I was her age and had to miss some important occasion.

After drying up the first (and what you sincerely hope will be the last or only) flood, you go quietly about the business of making your daughter feel as comfortable as possible. Straighten the pillow, add an extra one, or put a suitcase behind it, so that she can sit partly propped up in bed. Remove the extra blankets, put away her clothes. Bring a cool washrag and towel, toothbrush, hairbrush and comb. Phone for the doctor. Ar-

—Photo by erb



Spend as much time with your sick teen-ager as you can. Most of us like a little extra attention when we're "under the weather."



by Margaret S. Ward

*Parents of young people should find this article very helpful.*

range an attractive breakfast tray, if she feels like eating. But no more talk about upset plans, unless further reassurance is necessary.

The next stop is to guide your daughter into some worthwhile activity. If she is very sick, she may want to do nothing but doze. Stay close by to hear if she calls, however, to look in and give a cheery word now and then. Otherwise, go right on with your normal activities.

If she is more comfortable and needs only to remain quietly in bed, offer suggestions like these: "You know, I believe that there is a place for illness in God's plan for our lives. It gives us time for things that we haven't found time to do before. How about writing to that pen pal in Germany or England? Where is that book on Japan that you brought home from the last Fellowship Guild meeting or last Sunday's *Teens*, *Vision*, or *Young People*? Shall I get your album so that you can mount some snapshots? Or, how about sorting out that desk or bureau drawer that has long needed attention?" Of course, there is always the daily paper, a news magazine, and the inevitable homework. If the illness is not contagious, I always encourage a classmate to stop in after school with books and assignments. A radio or record player is a great comfort, too.

Just before the rest of the family starts out for the wedding, you make sure that they all come by with a cheery word for the sick girl. You chuckle as you ask the younger sister to take special note of what the bride wears, and Brother to remember what they have to eat, and of course, every-

one, please don't forget to bring home wedding cake!

I have found, too, that teenagers, like younger children, look forward to some special treat. This does not have to be expensive. Also, I have used this time of illness for that extra bit of attention which serves to strengthen the bond between us. The girls have learned to knit or crochet. We plan next season's wardrobe, or talk over possible vacation plans. Father always goes to the sick room first when he returns from work, for a chat, if desired, or perhaps just to sit there and read his evening paper. Our son is never more delighted than when one of us will take time to play his favorite game.

Of course, there are low periods when nothing seems to help. You learn to expect that, but not to be afraid. This is the time when one's Christian faith helps most, because you know that God is always there. At such a time you might feel like praying:

"O God, when I'm tired and discouraged and feel helpless, I need you more than ever. Stay close to us all while ----- is sick. Help me to carry the load just one more hour or day. Let me learn to have more faith and to trust you more completely. Amen."

In the case of the young son who broke his elbow, his problem was different only in the fact that he was not confined to his bed, and it was for a much longer duration. He needed the same understanding, love, and guidance. He, too, had to be helped to face up to his disappointment and to accept the situation. We talked about how fortunate it was that the fracture was a simple one—the bone did not

crack all the way through; there was no displacement, no torn ligaments, no need for setting. We talked about how he could work all the harder and practice more faithfully, to be sure to make District Band his senior year. There was conversation about how the accident happened: Had he been in too much of a hurry to see the slippery crust of snow on the steps? Wouldn't it be better to get up just a few minutes earlier each morning, for a more leisurely breakfast and walk to school?

My first reaction was that here was a boy who would be quite dependent for many weeks. How could he dress and undress with that bulky cast on upper and lower arm? How could he write and eat? (He is left-handed!) That first night neither of us knew what to expect. So I canceled a church committee meeting in order to be around when he was getting ready for bed. I had to do almost everything: take off clothes, figure out some kind of night wear, arrange extra pillows to support the elbow, turn out the light, leave the door open in case he could not sleep and needed help.

In a day or so, however, he found out how much he could do for himself. In fact, he took keen delight in getting all dressed before I came upstairs, all but the big safety pin which fastened the sling over the cast. He never did succeed in buttering his toast or cutting his meat, however.

This went on for several weeks: always a cheery smile; a question about the funny things that happened at school; the rejoicing when we discovered that his French and

*(Continued on page 30)*





## Redirecting the "Show-Off"

One of the worst traits that parents have to cope with in a child is showing off. This always is embarrassing and frustrating to parents, company, and church school teachers alike. If only one knew what he could do to prevent it! Sometimes parents and teachers never learn what is most effective; hence, the child grows into adulthood, still an exhibitionist. The adult who shows off is conspicuous wherever he goes. He can tolerate anything but being ignored, and his actions make this apparent. Blessed are those parents and teachers who, while the child is still small, manage to redirect him from showing off.

Roger Ashburn is a case in point. He used to be a good boy whenever his parents took him places and when they entertained company at home. When he got to be four or five years old, however, his father and mother had untold difficulty with him. He had an irresistible desire to show off. The more dignified the occasion, the better job he would do of exhibitionism. Mother tried everything that she could think of to stop the boy's antics, but nothing worked. On several occasions Dad used his belt on Roger. But talking, pleading, reasoning, and belting—nothing remedied the matter.

There was the time when the Ashburns had Charles and Marie

Svenson, the new associate minister and his wife, over for dinner. Everything went along smoothly, until the boy took a notion to shoot his water pistol. Nothing that either parent could say would stop him, until finally Dad had to send Roger to bed. It was embarrassing all the way around. Neither Mother nor Dad could feel settled afterwards, no matter how explanatory their apologies had been. They had a naughty boy on their hands, and that was that. To be sure, both the Svensons tried to smooth over the matter, and Charles revealed some undisciplined traits of his own as a boy. Though Dad found the grace to laugh a little at these anecdotes, he still was ill at ease.

It even carried over into the church school. When attendance was the largest that it had been all year, Roger thought that this was his chance to play pranks. He tied Doris Heavener's dress strings to her chair, and Mrs. Bronson had quite a job untying the knot.

Time was limited that morning, and Bill Caldwell, Roger's teacher, found it important to get at the heart of the lesson at once. But Roger used the ten short minutes of class for imitations of a jet airplane passing overhead.

Bill Caldwell did not believe in tattling; but he realized at once that Roger's behavior must be

changed, or the class sessions would be ruined all the rest of the year. So he told Roger's father about it, and Dad gave the boy the hardest belting yet, which broke Roger's heart. Still it was not the last time that Roger showed off.

What perplexed the Ashburns most was that Roger was normally such a good boy at home. Let company come, however, or let him go with his parents away from home, and he was an entirely different child. The Ashburns began reasoning from cause to effect. Why should he be so good when alone with them but so obnoxious when others were present? It did not make sense. Then they began to take stock of the way that they were raising him.

It was true that they were both very fond of the boy. He was their only child, and nothing was too good for him. When he requested toys that he saw in store windows, his parents had not restricted his choice, telling him that he could have only one or two and not all of them. He got what he asked for as soon as his parents could buy it for him. They did not realize that they were making a mistake until his unruly behavior began.

Furthermore, when during a meal Mother and Dad were conversing, they would allow Roger to interrupt. Neither of them said,



A child who shows off is a source of irritation to his parents and his acquaintances. Unless this trait is broken in childhood, the youngster will probably grow into an adult who always clamors for attention.

by Aubrey B. Haines

"Mother was talking. Wait until she's through before you speak." The boy was just the way that his parents had allowed him to become by their overindulgence.

Actually, however, Roger was fully as rude at home alone as when company was present; but the Ashburns had not considered it rudeness. They had merely given in to him. As a result he dominated the household, and no one knew it any better than he. Hence, the parents, and not the boy, were inconsistent in their logic. They had allowed him to get by with self-seeking when alone; but somehow he was expected to change and be completely self-disciplined when others were present. The trouble was that the only consistency that the boy knew was getting his own way. How, then, could he be what he was not?

Mother and Dad had to do some rethinking. Contrary to superficial appearances Roger was not being mean when he showed off before company; it was merely his way of attracting attention. When guests arrived, Mother and Dad had somehow expected their offspring to become a veritable non-entity. They had actually been at fault in not allowing him a little attention at the very start and then suggesting that he go out and play.

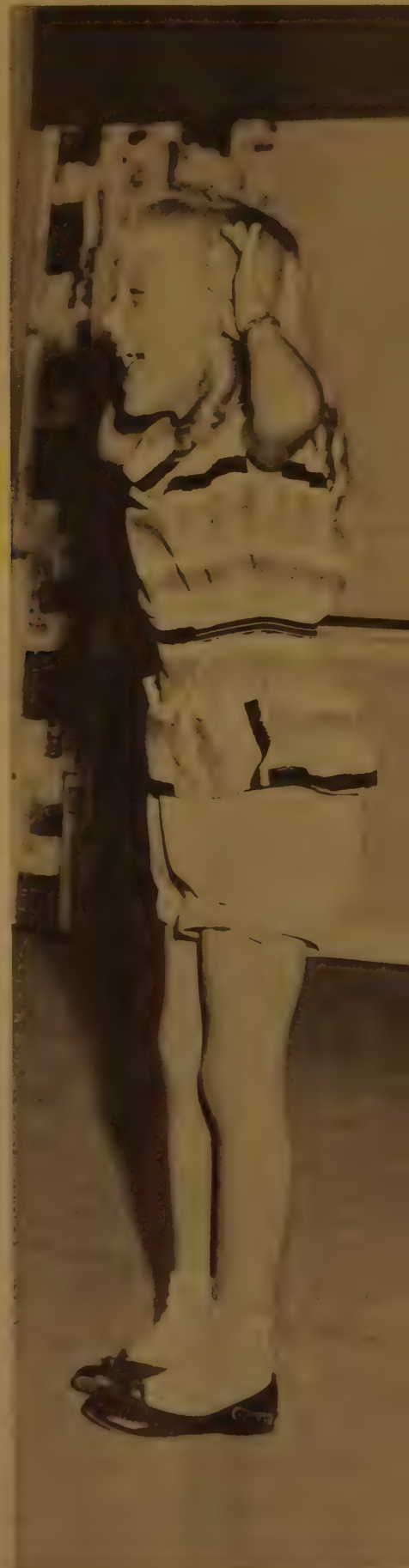
So the next time they were alone and Roger began interrupting con-

versation, the Ashburns used a different approach. "Your mother's talking now," Dad said. "When she's through, you may speak." The boy was surprised, being unaccustomed to such treatment. Nevertheless, it was a lesson long past due, and both parents were consistent in enforcing such restraints. Roger continued several times to speak out of turn; but each time he was gently but firmly reminded that his remarks must wait. By teaching him how to act at home, his parents instilled in him proper behavior when away from home and when company came.

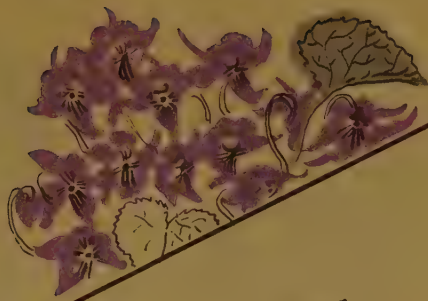
A child requires friends—both other children and adults—in whose presence he can learn what is acceptable behavior. Part of his friends are at church school; and an important phase of religious education lies in learning proper behavior toward his classmates and his teacher. When the Ashburns realized this, they began treating Roger differently in the presence of company.

They were still uneasy, however, as to how he might react before company again. When more visitors came, the boy was playing with his toys. As was to be expected, he wanted to show them to the company. This time his parents allowed him to do so, and Roger

(Continued on page 28)







# A Date

by Loie Brandom

On Valentine's evening,  
 Let's call it a date,  
 To be at our party,  
 No later than eight.  
 Your true love may greet you,  
 So come meet your fate;  
 Cupid has plans for you,  
 On this special date.



Write the above invitation verse on white cards with red ink and add the address of the place where the Valentine gathering will be held. Continue the use of the red and white color scheme in all the decorations for the rooms and the refreshments. Strings of red and white hearts can be used effectively in many ways.

Everything that you do at a date party will be more fun if you do it in couples, or groups of four, and change partners as often as

possible. This regrouping is as much fun as the games. Some suggested ways to find partners are the following:

**Dates for Partners:** To find partners for games or refreshments have hearts ready, on which dates of important or well-known events are written. The dates in question form are written on red hearts with white ink for the boys; the answers to the questions written on white cards with red ink for the girls. An idea of the questions may be obtained from the following:

When did Columbus discover America?

When did the Pilgrims land at Plymouth?

When was George Washington born?

When was the Declaration of Independence signed?

On what day do we celebrate Christmas?

What is the shortest day of the year? And so on.

The answers appearing on the girls' hearts are, of course, 1492; 1620; February 22; July 4, 1776; December 25; December 21. Matching the event with the date provides the partnership.

**Broken Dates** is another good way of obtaining partners. Cut red or white cardboard hearts in two jagged sections and write one line of a couplet on each part. Partners are found by fitting the heart pieces together to complete the rhymes. Here are examples of couplets:

I have a very definite hunch,  
 You'll be my partner out of all  
 the bunch!

\* \* \*

I give my valentine to thee,  
 For you are now my partner  
 to be!

\* \* \*

I've singled out the girl I choose,  
 So please be good and don't re-  
 fuse.

\* \* \*

If you like me as I like you  
 Don't hesitate to say, "I do."



# e Party



After partners have been found, line them up for a game of **Silent Dates**. The partners face each other, all of the players forming two rows, with a cupid standing at the head of the lines. It is Cupid's duty to ask questions of any of the players, one after another. The player questioned, however, must not answer but must remain quiet and let his partner standing opposite him do the answering. If Cupid talks fast and pops his questions rapidly, first in one place and then in another, the players will become confused, and soon the wrong people will be answering. If the person spoken to answers, or his partner fails to answer, then that pair must drop out of the game, which continues as before. The last pair to make a mistake wins the award.

**Dissecting Dates.** Distribute pencils and paper to the girls, with the large printed word **DATES** at the top of each slip of paper. Working in pairs, the boys help their girl partners see how many words they can discover and write down, made from the letters in the word **DATES**, using each letter only once in a word. At least eleven two- and three-letter words can be found. Allow three minutes between the starting signal and the final going for the search. The couple having found the most words wins.

**Date Lines.** Stretch three or more cords or lines the width of the room, about shoulder high. From each line suspend a small paper sack, leaving about three inches of string between sack and line. Again the players work in pairs, one couple to each line. The girls are each handed a pair of scissors and are then blindfolded. They must put their left hands behind their backs. After the girls have each been turned around three times, to make them lose their sense of direction, they must then be guided to their prize packages on the lines by the voices of their boy partners. The boys can give directions such as, "Move three steps forward." "Now one arm's length to the right." "Stop!" "Reach up!" "One step forward," etc. When there are several lines, and a number are playing at the same time, the directions given by the boys of the various couples can become most confusing to the blindfolded girls, as the boys must remain on the sidelines and their voices intermingle. Each time a girl finds and cuts down a sack, another sack is put up in its place and another couple try for the prize in it. The sack contains candy, peanuts, popcorn, or some treat that the couple getting it can enjoy eating at once.

**Valentine Dates.** Choose fourteen players and give each one the name of some occupation beginning

with one of the letters of the words Valentine Dates; for example, vocalist or violinist; acrobat; laundryman or laundress; engineer; newsboy; telegrapher or TV announcer; inventor or innkeeper; nurse; editor or elevator boy; doctor; artist; teacher; electrician; and soldier. Do not let the rest of the guests know what occupations have been given, but have each player stand up in turn and act out his word until someone guesses it and shouts it out.

**Racing for Dates.** Sugared dates are wrapped in waxed paper and each one tied to a piece of string three feet long. These dates are placed on a large table side by side, the free end of each string being held by a contestant. At a signal, each contestant puts his piece of string in his mouth, and without help of either hand, chews rapidly at the string until he gets all of it in his mouth. The first one to reach the date is declared winner of a box of nut-stuffed dates.

There are other well-known games that can easily be adapted to the date and Valentine themes and enjoyed without previous preparation. Fortune-telling games are always popular at a party of this kind.

Appropriate refreshments would be servings of date pudding cut in heart shape, topped with whipped cream and red candy peppermint hearts.



# Worship in the Family with Children

## To Use with Younger Children

### David's Friends

David had many friends. Some of his friends lived near him. Some of them lived in the hills far from his home. These friends he saw at church. When he and Mother and Daddy walked up to the top of one of the hills near their village, he could see the houses where some of these church friends lived.

One morning David woke up and looked out of his window. The ground was white with snow.

"Mother," David called, "the world is all white and clean!"

Mother came into David's room. "Yes," she said with a smile, "it does look nice and clean."

Soon horses and wagons and cars were driving carefully along the highway. They made ugly black marks in the white snow. Dogs ran about leaving tracks in the snow.

"Mother," David said, "I'd like to walk in the snow."

"So would I," Mother answered. "Let's get on our warm coats and our boots and walk up the hill."

Soon they were outside in the cold air walking through the snow. When they walked where no one else had been, their feet left marks in the soft snow. Every little bit David looked behind him. He could see exactly where they had come!

When they reached the top of the hill, there were many marks to be seen. The highway was bare where cars, trucks, and horses and wagons had whisked the snow away. There were David's and Mother's footprints leading to the top of the hill. There were the tracks of small animals who had been out looking for food. There were David's footprints around a

small fir tree. He had walked around it saying, "This will make a good Christmas tree someday!"

Finally, David looked across to the hill opposite them.

"Look, Mother! Mr. Norris must have driven his car into town," David said.

"What makes you think so?" Mother asked.

"There is just one track going down his hill. Maybe if we were at home, he would stop to see us!"

"Well, if we don't see him today, we will some other time," Mother answered.

"When?" David wanted to know.

"Where do we usually see Mr. and Mrs. Norris?" Mother asked.

"Mother!" David said, "you know! I always see them at church. They are my good church friends!"

"Yes," Mother said softly, "church friends are good friends."

—Ewing Galloway



### THEME FOR FEBRUARY:

## My World of Friends

### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.



# To Use with Older Children

## Lena's New Friends

Lena woke up with a shiver. She saw that it was daylight, but the air looked different. She got up and looked out the window. Something strange was happening! The air seemed to be full of feathers.

"Mother!" Lena called in terror. "Look outside! What is happening?"

Mother came into Lena's room.

"It is snowing, dear. I forgot for the moment that you never had seen snow. Isn't it beautiful?"

Lena dropped onto her bed. "I don't know," she said. "I was so frightened!"

Lena watched the snow fall for a long time. The ground was covered with a soft white blanket. After a while it stopped snowing, and the sun came out. Everything sparkled as though it were covered with diamonds!

"Oh," breathed Lena softly. "Now it is beautiful. It looks like fairyland!"

In a short while some children began to slide down the hill on their sleds.

"What is this strange thing?" Lena asked in disbelief.

"They are sliding on sleds," Mother answered. "It is lots of fun. The sled goes so fast! It is almost like flying. I wish you had a sled."

"But I do not know how to slide," Lena objected.

"You can slide without learning," Mother explained.

Lena watched the children for a long time. She began to wish that she could slide, too. But, of course, she couldn't. She didn't have a sled. She didn't know these strange children, for she and her mother and father had just moved here. "I won't watch any more," she said. "Since I can't slide, I won't watch and wish that I could!"

Lena busied herself with her books. She played with her doll. She drew with her crayons. All

of the time, the sight of those flying sleds was in the back of her mind.

Far away Lena heard the ring of the doorbell. Then Mother's voice called, "Lena, come here!"

Lena came to the door. There stood two girls whom she had seen sliding. They smiled, and the smaller one said, "I'm Mary Gray. This is my big sister, Julie. We live up the street. You were in my class at Sunday school last Sunday. Can you come out and slide?"

Lena looked at her mother. She was smiling. She said, "I'm sure Lena will be glad to go. She never has seen snow before. We lived in Florida where it seldom snows. She never has been on a sled. But I know she will like it."

Lena could hardly believe it! Here she was sliding down the hill, holding tightly to Mary's arms. To make her doubly safe, Mary was holding her feet securely. What fun! And how nice to have new friends, especially new friends as thoughtful as these!

## Thank You, God

Thank you, God, for the joys  
You have planned for girls and  
boys:

Summer days, bright with sun;  
Winter days, filled with fun.

Thank you, too, for winter clothes,  
Gay with colors like a rose  
Shining bright against the gray  
Of a gloomy winter day.

But best of all the gifts you send  
Is a cheerful, happy friend.

I share with him, he shares with  
me;

That makes us happy as can be.

Thank you, God, again I say  
For the joys that come each day—  
Summer, winter, spring, or fall—  
Your good plan includes them all.

—Jessie B. Carlson

—Ewing Galloway





## For Family Worship

A worship center provides a center of interest for the family, and adds to the atmosphere of worship, especially for children. Let your children help to provide some of the materials for use in this center. Bare branches, attractively arranged, are beautiful. Seed pods may be found in some sections of the country. In other sections, shrubs and plants have evergreen leaves. These may be gathered to make a spot of beauty. A colorful magazine picture of friends, a picture of your own church (perhaps cut from your church calendar or bulletin), mounted carefully on posterboard of harmonizing or contrasting color, or a lovely picture of some other church also may be a part of this center.

### Call to Worship:

A friend loves at all times.

—Proverbs 17:17.

**Song:** Choose from the following songs, all of which are found in the primary pupil's book for the first year: "We Love Our Church, O God," fall quarter, page 19; "A Happy Day," winter quarter, page 35; "My Friends," summer quarter, page 19.

**Meditation:** Plan your own meditation, based on the "Call to Worship," on a favorite Bible passage; or use "Friends Who Help," found on page 49 of the primary pupil's book, year one, summer quarter, as the basis for your thoughts.

**Prayer:** Use "A Prayer," found on page 43 of the primary pupil's book for year three, summer quarter, pray your own prayer, or use the one printed on this page if it expresses what your family feels about a familiar situation. If it does not, adapt it to an experience that is meaningful to your family.

**Poem:** Use one of the poems that are printed on these pages, or choose from the following: "We Thank Thee," primary pupil's book for year one, fall, page 31; "This Is Our Church," primary pupil's book, year two, fall, page 16; "Prayer for a Pleasant Home," junior pupil's book, year one, summer quarter, page 6.

**Song:** Choose another song from the list suggested above.

### A Prayer

Our Father, God, we are glad that birds seem so happy to come to our feeding station. Now that everything is covered with snow, it is hard for them to find food. We thank you that we can help them. We like to think that we are helping you, too. Amen.

—Frances Bourne Taft

### I'm Glad for Friends

Dear God, I'm glad for all the friends  
I meet when Sunday comes.  
The ones that meet in your big house  
From many, many homes.

My teacher tells me about you.  
I hear the preacher pray  
For all the little boys and girls  
Who are at church today.

And though I do not know their names,  
The big folks smile at me.  
I thank you, Father, for the church  
That you have given me.

—Belle Chapman Morrill

### Thank You, Lord

I thank you, Lord, for two good ears  
So I can hear and heed;  
I thank you, too, for two good eyes  
So I can see and read.

I thank you, Lord, for two swift feet  
So I can run and play;  
I thank you, too, for two strong hands  
So I can work each day.

—Laura Alice Boyd



—Gedge Harmon





*by Rae Cross*

Cheryl hardly moved as she watched her mother mix the cookie dough, roll it out real thin on the floured board, and then cut it into hearts with the plastic cookie cutter.

"Why so still?" asked Mother as she pushed a big tray of cookies into the oven.

"I wish I was big enough to go to a valentine party like you're making the cookies for," sighed Cheryl.

"Being big does have some advantages," admitted Mother. "Whom would you like to invite if you could have a valentine party?"

"You mean a real party with ice cream and cookies?" asked Cheryl, her eyes as big as yo-yos.

"A real party—with ice cream and cookies," said Mother emphatically.

"Well," Cheryl thoughtfully licked the spoon with the last bit of cookie dough. "It might be nice to ask the boys and girls in my Sunday school class, but—" She stopped and looked out into the yard where Daddy had been working all day.

"Any more ideas?" asked Mother as she pulled a tray of cookies from the oven and set them on a rack to cool.

"M—m—mh, they smell good," sighed Cheryl wistfully.

"Here's a sample," Mother said, smiling. "Now, whom did you say you would like to ask to a valentine party?"

"You and Daddy," exclaimed Cheryl. "Wouldn't it be fun to give him an invitation right now? He's been working in the yard all day. I'll bet he's hungry."

Mother looked out the big picture window, too. Daddy was raking the yard and burning some trash. "I think it is a wonderful idea if you would really like to do it," she said.

"Oh, I'd love to. Let's write him an invitation," said Cheryl as she ran to get paper and pencil. "You write it—just like a party invitation, please," she said, handing the paper and pencil to her Mother.

"All right," agreed Mother. "We'll say—"

*(Continued on page 28)*

## BIRTHDAY SURPRISE



*by Enola Chamberlin*

Tomorrow was Mother's birthday.

"I wish we could give Mother a surprise party," Tommy said.

"I wish we could, too," Terry answered. "She always gives us one."

"But she can do so many things that we can't," Tommy said.

Terry's eyes brightened. "But we can do a lot of things we don't do," she said. "Suppose we do them after school before she gets home from work and surprise her."

"What things can we do?" Tommy asked.

"You know that Mother has to go to work so early that she can't get the dishes washed. We always dry them for her. But wouldn't it be a nice surprise if she came home and found them washed?"

"Well, yes," Tommy said, "but that isn't much. Couldn't we do more than that?"

"I know," Terry said, "let's do everything that we can before Mother gets home."

So the next afternoon Terry and Tommy raced home from school. They washed and dried the dishes and put them in the cupboard. Then while Tommy ran the vacuum over the living room rug, Terry straightened the magazines and dusted the furniture. Then she ran out and got roses and fixed them in a bowl on the table.

Terry had just swept the kitchen and the porch, and Tommy had just emptied the waste paper baskets when Mother came home.

There were stars in her eyes when she looked around, but all she got a chance to say was, "How wonderful!" when the doorbell rang.

When Terry opened the door, there stood six of Mother's friends with their children. They all carried packages. They began to sing "happy birthday to you," as they came into the house. Not waiting for anything, the women began laying out a hot dinner on the dining room table.

What fun they had and how happy everyone was! After dinner, when the dishes were washed, Mother opened her presents. When she had thanked every-

*(Continued on page 28)*



# interracial friendship in the family

by Leon R. Robison

A new day has come in America in race relationships. In the community where we live the high school which our older son attends was integrated last year. The year before that the swimming pool was opened to people of all races. In the metropolitan area, parks, recreational centers, public institutions, and facilities have step by step been opened for all to use. The opportunity for association and friendship across "color lines" has been steadily growing. Some families welcome the progress that has been made; others are doubtful, and some are strongly resistant to the point of resentment.

As Christians we are faced with the question of our responsibility in the development of community life as it ought to be, with the opportunity for the development and fulfillment of every person. As parents we would like to have the attitude that would give to other children the same advantages, consideration, and love which we want for our own children. What is our responsibility as a family of a "majority" or "minority" group? Sometimes our prejudice is so deep that we do not have the capacity to put ourselves in the place of another person or family. One of the first things that we need to do in approaching this subject is to be willing to see where we are in our own thinking and feeling. How far have we gone, and how far are we willing to go in our associations and friendships? Do our prejudices keep us from doing what we know we should do? Is our attitude based on knowledge and experience or on ideas and feelings that have been passed on to us? I raised these questions because my wife and I were born and lived in Southern states until we had finished college; and we know the struggle to cope with deeply ingrained prejudices.

We do not want our children to be limited and bound by prejudices which we held or may hold today. If there is any place where we should be able to help each other in dealing with difficult problems, it should be in the home. Each member of the fam-

ily, because of difference in age, variety of experiences, insight, and information can help other members of the family to a place of deeper understanding. Parents can help children, and children can help parents. We need to realize that our children are now facing situations at school and in the community which we did not have to face; but our attitudes will help or hinder them, in learning how to overcome prejudices and fears in attaining an inner freedom in relationships with all peoples. We can ignore this opportunity or try to understand the practical decisions which they are now having to make. They are faced with the possibility of close friendships across "color lines." They must decide about school parties. As parents we should be ready with a sane, balanced approach to discuss and think through these situations with our children.

What about dating? Though intermarriage is a possibility, is it a question that needs to be faced before more progress is made in actual acquaintances and friendships? Let us not evade the first question of friendship by posing a bigger question which we are not willing to think through, and thereby dismiss both. We do not try to regulate marriages for other reasons. Why should we want to regulate marriages because of race? Let us try to get the facts about mixed marriages, if the question is raised. The anthropologist Ethel J. Alpenfels reports<sup>1</sup> that some scholars say that mixed marriages result in what is known as "hybrid vigor"; that is, the child is superior to either of his parents, given equal social, economic, and educational opportunities. On the other hand, she says that the child of an interracial marriage is often discriminated against, lives in a poor social environment, and is deprived of advantages that other children receive. Is it not true that marriage is a personal matter, involving the deepest feelings and highest values that we know, which both partners in marriage have the privilege of accepting

<sup>1</sup>*Sense and Nonsense About Race*, Ethel J. Alpenfels, p. 49.



—Photo by erb

If your children attend an integrated school, encourage them to make friends with their Negro contemporaries, and bring them to your home.

or refusing? Parents have the responsibility of helping their children see the situation as it exists in society today with all the hardships and difficulties that are imposed on those who enter into mixed marriages. Still as Christian families we should be committed to changing this degrading attitude and practice.

In a country which has been so widely segregated for so many years, few of us know how to think or act in terms of an integrated community; and our tendency is to use the old ways of living. Our set of problems may be different according to our particular racial group; but each in turn is just as real

as the other. It is important to know where we are in our own development: to recognize our prejudices for what they are; to reaffirm our faith in what we believe our lives should be as Christians; and then to mark out one forward step that we will take, beginning now, in dealing with ourselves in establishing better relationships with people of other races.

This beginning with some will mean a willingness to look at the facts about race, as presented by science and religion. For some are still like the businessman who had this motto on his desk: "I have made up my mind; don't confuse me with the facts." No person can deal with prejudice without knowing the facts. Prejudice keeps a person from being willing to face the facts; it makes him argumentative and causes him to raise questions. I speak of this because I have so often argued with God about accepting Negroes as friends and as members of the human family. When I became a Christian and a member of the church, I accepted the fundamental teachings of the Christian religion—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, as revealed in the life of Jesus Christ. When it was indicated that this included that Negro, however, my mouth was filled with arguments. "Certainly, these teachings did not mean that the Negro was my equal, for he is black, uncouth, and ignorant. How could he be my equal, much less my brother?" Clear and unmistakable the answer came which pointed up the poor logic and injustice of judging all men and women of another race by the few people whom I had intimately known of that race. Science and religion spoke together saying, "No race is superior to another in mental or physical endowments. The blood of humanity is one. There are no inherently inferior or superior races. There are only more developed and less developed peoples."

Still I argued with renewed vigor and anger when it was shown that my convictions were based on misconceptions and inadequate information. Were Negroes not lazy and lacking in initiative to get ahead and make something of themselves? Again answers were given in the facts of discrimination in educa-



You yourself should cultivate friendships with congenial people of other races.

—Clark and Clark



tional opportunities in a segregated school system and the constant reminder that everywhere the Negro lawyer, doctor, or engineer is limited in the places in which he is allowed to serve. Why more education when only menial occupations are available? According to the anthropologist Franz Boas, "If we were to select the most intelligent, imaginative, energetic, and emotionally stable third of mankind, all races would be represented."

My arguments have been answered best as I have come to recognize what happens to us regardless of our race, when we practice segregation and discrimination. All of our relationships become false; for we profess that love and concern for all people is our main purpose in living, and in reality is true only of those of our own race. The nature of segregation

builds barriers to keep others out and engenders suspicion, fear, and hatred which degrades and imprisons us. As Benjamin Mays says,<sup>2</sup> segregation punishes a person for being what God has made him and for circumstances over which he has no control. To discriminate against a person on the basis of race is the same as saying that God made a mistake when he made people of different races and colors. Segregation and discrimination separate us from God and his purpose.

To know the facts and even to believe great Christian principles is not enough to free us from prejudice. An adult teacher of a church school class took a poll of the one hundred members present one Sun-

<sup>2</sup>*Seeking to Be Christian in Race Relations*, Benjamin E. Mays, p. 35.

## Study Guide

### I. Preparation for the Meeting

A. Give a summary report of the article. Make it available to as many members of the group as possible before the meeting. Get two members of the group to be prepared with reference materials from the booklets, *Seeking to Be Christians in Race Relations*, by Benjamin Mays, and *Sense and Nonsense About Race*, by Ethel J. Alpenfels. Make assignments to other members of the group to get information about the extent of integration in schools, churches, and civic organizations.

B. Set goals for the discussion. These could be enumerated and determined by the group at the beginning of the discussion.

1. The immediate goal of this discussion is to discover ways in which interracial friendships can be made and strengthened through the family. Give particular attention to what might be done to help children and

young people develop right attitudes toward people of other races.

2. To discover the responsibility which a Christian family has in helping to bring about better understanding between the two chief racial groups in the community.

3. To determine how interracial friendships can be established.

4. To plan how to work for a more fully integrated church and community.

5. In this discussion it is hoped that each person will see more clearly his own convictions and prejudices and determine steps in developing understanding.

### II. General Approach to the Subject

(The leader will need to determine whether to begin the discussion with a general approach, or with the practical situations of the school and community which follow in the next section.)

A. Why do you hold your present

opinions about people of other races?

1. How many people of other races have you known? To what groups did they belong—laboring, "white collar," or professional groups?

2. How many close friends do you have of other races?

B. How do you evaluate your prejudices, and how did these attitudes develop?

1. Do you actively or by default pass on prejudices to your children?

2. It is well throughout the discussion to recognize the deep emotions that many people have about the subject of race relations and the need for the members of the group to be willing to examine opinions and questions that are expressed in the light of the findings of science and religion.

### III. Coming to Grips with the Subject

A. How can the Christian family in the "minority" and "majority" group encourage understanding and develop friendships across "color lines"?

1. What are the present opportunities for association, and how can these be enlarged?

a. Make a list of the groups in the community that are now integrated.

b. What community agencies and civic boards have representation from minority groups?

c. What organizations are doing the most to create understanding and develop friendships, such as the Church Federation, Y.M. and Y.W. C.A., Parent-Teacher Association, Urban League, local churches? Do these organizations offer opportunity for acquaintance and friendship?

2. What questions are of greatest concern to parents as there is closer association between the races?

a. How should school social affairs, including parties and dances, be conducted? What about close friendships and dating?

(Continued on page 30)

day morning, on the subject of segregation. All were unanimous in their agreement that segregation was unchristian and anti-democratic. They were also unanimous in their agreement that integration was inevitable; but they were also almost unanimous in their opposition to it. As Christians we believe that there is a redeeming power in Jesus Christ that can change us and enable us to deal with our prejudices. Where are you and your family willing to begin in taking the next step? A single family's prejudice or courage can have a far-reaching effect through conversations and attitudes expressed in the varied contacts of church and community life.

If you are not already a member of integrated groups, join in the activities of such a group and make friends with people of other races. Encourage

your children to make friends with children of other races and invite them to your home. It is true that friendships are not made indiscriminately or on the basis of superficial skin coloration but rather on the basis of common interests, personality traits, and qualities of character, and these each person will want to take into account.

What next step can we take as a family in our churches? Some few churches are already integrated, and this should be the goal for all. An interested group of families can prepare the way. What we do in our homes and our churches should be done with the thought of a continuing friendship and complete integration and not as an isolated incident or a project to be carried out and forgotten. We must set goals and time limits for ourselves.

# BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the completed pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A The hand with which a south- paw writes -----	105 17 50 110
B A batted ball that is not a fair ball -----	92 111 81 87
C An admirer, or escort -----	106 100 34 112
D Tool for whittling -----	57 39 45 1 25
E Side of the face -----	18 64 31 58 99
F Strong feeling that something will happen -----	85 109 5 98 94
G Midnight -----	63 96 38 14 67 42
H It happened on the "Bounty"	70 79 4 55 35 8
I Not suitable -----	47 72 78 27 51
J Evidence -----	108 32 77 91 60
K Stubborn as a certain animal --	89 10 28 68 21 73
L Breakfast drink -----	56 9 24 15 65 83
M The church belfry -----	84 49 102 95 11
N To trust or have faith in ----	37 3 69 97 53 26 13

O Adored -----	104 40 44 22 36
P Rained hard -----	90 6 20 62 86 29
Q Tailless, leaping little creatures	80 61 88 59 12
R Where oars are used -----	16 46 19 93 48
S Part of the neck -----	41 52 2 23 74 7
T Graceful kind of dive -----	75 54 71 76
U Chains or manacles -----	103 82 30 43 33
V Placed the golf ball in striking position -----	113 107 66 101

(Solution on page 28)

	1	2	3	4		5	6	7		8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15		16	17	18	19	20
21	22		23	24		25	26	27	28		29
30	31	32	33		34	35	36		37	38	
39	40	41		42	43	44	45	46	47	48	
49	50		51	52	53		54	55	56	57	58
59		60	61	62		63	64	65		66	67
68	69		70	71	72		73	74	75		76
77		78	79	80	81	82	83		84	85	86
	87	88	89	90		91	92		93	94	95
	96	97	98	99	100	101		102	103	104	105
	106	107		108	109	110		111	112	113	



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# Where's That Man of Distinction?

by Anna Lou Shanor

Mark Williamson bolted from his chair and began to pace the floor in front of the fireplace. We were astonished, for Mark is not a man who is easily disturbed.

"We might as well face it," he announced to his startled wife Betty and to my husband and me who were visiting at the time. "Social drinking has become the accepted pattern in our culture, and those of us who don't do it are considered either prigs or bores."

Mark had just returned from a business trip the day before. He explained that he had become used to the awkward situations which occurred on such trips because of his personal distaste for alcoholic beverages. He was reconciled to losing an occasional promising prospect because he couldn't, in good conscience, take the client into a bar and break down his resistance with a little liquid persuasion. What was worrying Mark was the growing realization that his nonconformity was jeopardizing his chances for promotion. In his firm, as in many others today, candidates for junior executive positions are rated on their social skills, as well as on their job performance.

The issue had suddenly erupted because a couple in Mark's office had become engaged while he was away. Since Mark had been closer to them than had anyone else, he was expected to give a party for them, a party to which everyone at the office should be invited.

Betty was delighted. She had been hoping for a long time that these friends would decide to marry. "Let's have a buffet supper for them," she suggested.

Mark grinned at Betty. "But honey, this isn't the church

couples' club. I'm afraid that that gang from the office wouldn't think much of toasting the honored guests with iced tea!"

"And why not?" Betty demanded, her eyes flashing. "Would our good wishes be less welcome because they didn't harbor a hang-over?"

In spite of all the intellectual and statistical arguments against drinking, Mark and Betty Williamson are typical of the many fine young couples, leaders in our churches, who sometimes wonder if they aren't being martyrs to a lost cause. They feel conspicuous in their abstinence. By a miracle of mass hypnotism, an amazing number of Americans have been persuaded that social drinking is synonymous with prestige, popularity, and pleasure. Alcoholic beverages have become for many the symbol of gracious living.

It is ironical that the advertising for alcoholic beverages becomes even more appealing, especially for young people, when it is contrasted with the stern warnings of elders who, with tight lips, frown on all frivolity. Young people want laughter in their lives. They also want adventure, love, and a sense of belonging. While our science-worshiping youth do respond to the scientific evidence which proves that alcohol is damaging to body, mind, and morals, they respond more rapidly to the challenge, "Don't be chicken—have one on me!" In spite of the estimated 4,500,000 alcoholics in this country, no one ever believes, when he begins drinking, that he could become an alcoholic. Instead, he expects to turn into the sophisticated man about town, or she, the gay young thing.

The American people are being indoctrinated with the propaganda that the highest social skill is the ability to drink enough to alleviate "stodgy inhibitions" and, at the same time, to "hold one's liquor" well enough to avoid becoming obnoxious. This concept is being advanced not just by the liquor advertising, but also by the flood of television, stage plays, books, and movies which show the characters drinking as a matter of course, as naturally and casually as one shakes hands with a friend.

Christians are rightly concerned about the constant characterization of non-drinkers as unwelcome killjoys, while those who indulge are pictured as colorful saints in disguise, who, because of their own weaknesses, are more understanding of others' needs. Such concern is particularly justified if the characterization is occasionally true. So long as the critics of social drinking are sometimes guilty of self-righteousness or rigid intolerance of all those who hold differing views, they are inadvertently assisting the promoters of alcoholic beverages.

I am not suggesting that the evangelical churches should abandon their traditional efforts to educate their congregations about the dangers of alcohol. Such education is increasingly essential in a period when Americans are spending over \$9,000,000,000 a year for alcoholic beverages. We must continue to teach our young people that alcohol is not only the direct cause of a devastating disease, but is also a contributing factor in crime, family breakdown, the auto accident rate, and countless other social evils. But at the same time

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**Alas! Many think that he's to be found on a bar stool, decorously sipping a martini.**

we must also show them the positive values associated with abstinence.

Jesus wisely taught many years ago that people cannot serve two masters. Yet, today, many Christian families find themselves pinched in between their own personal standards on the one hand, and the customs of their neighbors or business associates on the other. Most people, unable to endure the emotional conflict, will eventually choose one pattern of social conduct in preference to the other. If we are to avoid conforming to the less desirable customs of our society, we must not be content with condemning evil; rather, we must, as Paul admonished, overcome evil with good.

What positive steps can Christian parents take to counteract the appeal of social drinking? First of all, they must convince their children that one of the greatest fallacies of our age is the idea that you can't have fun without drinking. Christian parents and the church must join hands to show our children that it is much closer to the truth to say that drinking spoils your fun. Our homes and churches must open their doors wide to encourage all kinds of wholesome recreation. Popping corn on the kitchen stove, group singing around a roaring fire, a shuffleboard contest, lively folk games—surely these are more exhilarating than leaning over a brass rail in some dingy dive. There is no lasting joy in social contacts which require us to deaden our senses to relieve boredom or add sparkle to otherwise senseless chatter.

The rich rewards of genuine friendship, freedom of choice, cre-

ativity, real adventure, and the satisfaction of a worth-while job well done await those whose senses, undulled by alcoholic beverages, are alert to the opportunities around them. No one would dare climb a mountain, swim the English Channel, or even run a race unless he was in full command of all his faculties. We must, therefore, inspire our young people, by both precept and example, to seek those activities which challenge them to make the best use of their God-given talents.

Mark and Betty Williamson must have had these thoughts in mind when they planned their party. Or perhaps they were thinking more of their three small children asleep upstairs in bed. Although their oldest youngster was only seven, they knew that it wouldn't be long before their children, like the teen-agers next door, might be asking to give a beer party to impress their high school friends.

Mark and Betty decided that a promotion wouldn't be worth much if they had to sacrifice any of their cherished convictions to achieve it. They wanted their children to discover the warm tingle that comes not from something that you swallow but from liking people and enjoying their company. They wanted them to learn how to entertain their friends in a creative way. They wanted them to know that gaiety and festivity were neither the invention nor the possession of the beverage industries. Most important of all, they wanted them to grow up believing that sincerity, thoughtfulness, imagination, perseverance, and self-sacrifice were more important tests of distinction than any amount of pop-

ularity. Mark and Betty knew the only way that they could convince their children of the value of these ideals was to live as though they believed in them themselves.

It is little wonder, then, that Mark and Betty decided to have the buffet supper. They came to the conclusion that cocktail parties were really rather insulting to your guests, since little planning goes into them.

In preparation for their supper party, Betty selected a menu that was colorful, simple to serve, and included dishes which had been obviously enjoyed by other guests at other times. She polished their prettiest candlesticks and arranged their loveliest garden flowers with painstaking care. Together Mark and Betty selected a soft background of cheerful, melodious music from their record collection. They went over their guest list and thought of the special interests of each one, so that they could direct the conversation into channels which would put their guests most at ease. They set up the Ping-pong table in the basement, along with tables for other games, in case anyone would like to play. Then Betty concocted an enticing pink fruit punch, delicately spiced and decorated with mint leaves and whole strawberries, and added ginger ale for zip. Let anyone who chose propose a toast! The Williamsons rejoiced that their friends would be offered nothing which might bring more unhappiness than pleasure.

When the hour for the party finally arrived, there may have been a few who were disappointed to receive only tomato juice as an appetizer. But if so, they were

*(Continued on page 30)*



## God's Laboratory in Life

(Continued from page 2)

"It is a much nobler thing to be a good wife than to be Miss America."<sup>3</sup>

The family is God's basic unit. It is man's highest happiness and his deepest heartache. It is a never-ending and thrilling partnership. Marriage knows everything that there is to know about human weakness; it knows everything that there is to know about divine strength. Marriage is a togetherness that inevitably brings out our worst, and it never succeeds until it brings out our best.

### REFERENCES

1. *The Recovery of Family Life*, Elton and Pauline Trueblood, Harper and Brothers—New York, pgs. 40-41.
2. *Glimpses of Truth*, John Biegeleisen, Eden Publishing House—St. Louis, pg. 45.
3. *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master*, Peter Marshall, Fleming H. Revell Company—London-Glasgow, pg. 155.

## Redirecting the "Show Off"

(Continued from page 15)

received the attention that he had been wanting for so long.

Then Mother suggested that he go outdoors and play, and the boy was quite willing to do so. This was somewhat to his parents' surprise, for he had not been willing before. Nevertheless, this made better logic to the boy's attention-requiring nature than it did to his parents' past experience with him.

Today the Ashburns no longer have trouble with Roger as an exhibitionist. The boy's conduct has improved considerably at church school, too. It has been some time since he has tied a girl's dress strings to her chair, and Bill Caldwell is certain now that Roger is one of the best boys in his class. It should be said parenthetically that the Ashburns wish that some families whom they know could profit by what they themselves learned. But this is an experience that each household must undergo on its own, and the sooner the better.

The Ashburns are grateful that this happened early with their son. They are glad, too, that they found the cause and removed it before it had time to affect Roger's lifetime habits. For what can be more distressing than to have to put up with an adult who has never learned not to show off?



IT'S A FACT:



A carpenter is literally  
a "wagon maker"

## A Day Away

(Continued from page 7)

The score was adding up. All the trouble that she had caused Jim, and the money that she had spent, and even the possible sacrifice of his own hobby, and still he wasn't angry. He had understood her desire for something special of her own, but had she understood his? She had been ready to put up a fight at just the mention of his going away.

Abby decided that tonight's experiences would make a good story—central characters being a foolish woman with a martyr complex and an understanding husband. She could maybe attend that Wednesday night writing class that she had always been afraid to go to, and get some extra help in technique.

Abby put her arms around Jim as he sat on the bed untying his shoes. She knew now that he would not object to her having her own interests. "Well," he said. "This is nice. What did I do to deserve it?"

"You've just been a wonderful husband," Abby murmured in his ear. "And it's high time you had a chance to do some fishing."

## Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

**SOLUTION:** "Fret not yourself because of evil doers, and be not envious of the wicked, for the evil man has no future, the lamp of the wicked will be put out." (Proverbs 24: 19-20).

### The Words

A Left  
B Foul  
C Beau  
D Knife  
E Cheek  
F Hunch  
G Twelve  
H Mutiny  
I Unfit  
J Proof  
K Mulish  
L Coffee  
M Tower  
N Believe  
O Loved  
P Poured  
Q Toads  
R Boats  
S Throat  
T Swan  
U Irons  
V Teed

## Cheryl's Valentine Party

(Continued from page 21)

Miss Cheryl Davis requests the pleasure of your company at a Valentine Tea on February 14, 1958, at 4 o'clock."

"That's just right," cried Cheryl. "I'll run and take it to Daddy now." She stopped when she reached the door. "I wish I had an invitation for you, too," she said forlornly.

"I'll play I had one," said Mother. "You better run on; it's almost four now," she added as she spread red icing on the cookies.

In about half an hour Daddy rang the front doorbell. His face was shiny from scrubbing. His hair had something on it that smelled real nice, and he had on his best suit. "I was invited to Miss Davis' valentine party," he said politely.

"Do come in," said Cheryl, trying hard not to giggle.

"And you are Mrs. Davis, aren't you?" Daddy said to Mother.

Mother laughed and laughed as she passed pink ice cream and the little heart cookies.

"I never ate such delicious cookies and such good ice cream," said Daddy. "I'd like to have the one who made them be my wife and my little girl's mother," said Daddy as he kissed Mother solemnly.

"Wasn't it a lovely party?" said Cheryl when the last crumb had been eaten.

"It was the nicest party I ever went to," Mother replied.

"Me too," said Daddy. "In fact," he chuckled, "it was such a nice party I think I'll just stay for supper. I sort of like it around here," he said as he put his arms around Mother and Cheryl. "For my valentines," he said, as he kissed each one.

## Birthday Surprise

(Continued from page 21)

one, they all left because they knew that she had to be up early in the morning. Then it was that Mother curled one arm around Terry and the other one around Tommy.

"Everything was just lovely," she said. "But the loveliest of all was that my boy and girl worked so hard for me and had the house all clean and neat when the neighbors came to surprise me. You'll never know how happy I was when I saw everything so spic and span."

"We were happy, too," Terry said.

Tommy grinned. "I think maybe we'll clean the house more often after this," he said.

And with that they all went to bed, tired, but oh, so happy!



# Family Counselor

**Q** HOW CAN I help bring self-confidence to my seven-year-old son? His brother is five, and his sister is nine. Our boy won't try anything—roller skating, tying his shoestrings, catching ball, and so forth, unless he can do them without making a mistake. He is a slow worker in school, and the teacher told us that unless we can help him to speed up next year when he starts 2-A, he will fall behind in his studies. Upon drawing or working of any kind, he gets mad and destroys his work if he makes the slightest mistake. Of late he has been soiling and wetting his pants.

Yes, we have been told and know he feels insecure. We've been trying our best to make him feel secure. His father and I are so on edge trying to help him and seemingly not able to. We try to help him over the rough spots and are exhausted in our efforts to build self-confidence.

Yes, we feel he's jealous of his brother and sister. We don't think we show or feel favoritism. Whatever we do to bring the child out and give him a chance to shine, his sister steps in and does for him because of her quick ability. We've tried talking to her in hopes of getting her help, but of course she forgets. We can't banish her, so what can we do? I'm afraid to teach the younger one things, as he is quick and can do them, but in doing so surpasses his brother. What can you suggest?

This child is a large-boned child and growing fast. No doubt this has something to do with it. His maturity, naturally, has not kept up with his body growth.

**A** YOU SHOW SUCH real insight into the nature of your son's problem that I am not sure that I can suggest anything that you have not already tried. I am sure you realize, too, that this building of self-confidence in your seven-year-old son will be a long, slow process, inasmuch as he cannot help comparing his own abilities with those of his quicker and more alert brother and sister. And yet you will not want to keep them behind in their development of skills.

Part of your responsibility will be to help him realize that throughout life he probably will find those who can surpass him in many ways, but also that he has abilities of his own that the world needs and that he should try to cultivate. It is up to you then to help him discover what these abilities are. This will not be easy, of course, but it can be done. Everyone has some contribution to make to the world.

With respect to specific suggestions, let me name several, some of which you may already be trying.

1. Learn to be a bit more relaxed yourself as you work with your seven-year-old. It may be that, without realizing it, you and your husband have not accepted the fact that he may be rather slow throughout life. If, perchance, both of you tend to be quick in your responses, you may be trying to make your son "quick," too. When he fails to respond, you may tend to get nervous and upset. If this is true, some of your nervousness and anxiety probably get

through to him and he, in turn, feels a greater sense of insecurity.

In other words, perhaps you are trying too hard to help him gain self-confidence. If you can accept him for what he is, including his slowness and feeling of insecurity, you then will be in a better position to help him. Just make sure that you continue to give him plenty of affection and understanding.

2. You undoubtedly are guarding against this, but make certain that in attempting to help him develop self-confidence, you do not direct him into activities for which he has little skill or inclination, or expect of him creative work that is beyond his present ability to achieve.

3. Try to find out why he is so put out whenever he makes a mistake. Is it possible that you or one of his teachers has stressed perfection too much? As you play and work with him, call attention to mistakes you yourself make, and try to help him realize that everyone makes mistakes at times. Do this without giving him the feeling that you are criticizing him because of his irritation when he does something wrong.

4. Through trial and error find out the work and activities in which he can engage with a minimum of mistakes and strain. Make sure that he has something he can make or do that he will do well and that brings him the approval not only of you but of his brother and sister as well. In so far as possible guide him into activities in which he is not competing with his brother and sister.

*Donald M. Maynard*



## Helping Your Teen-agers Face Illness

(Continued from page 13)

English teachers would let me type up his assignments at his dictation; that he could play his trumpet with one hand (good enough for school); that his piano teacher would give him exercises for the right hand alone; that his geometry teacher was letting him do his problems in his head or tell one of the slower classmates how to work them out on the board; that his choir robe so completely covered his cast that some

folks in church never did know that he had broken his elbow.

If you ever have to face an even longer-term illness, as we did with the other teen-age daughter, when she was undergoing surgical correction for spinal curvature and had to spend a whole year in bed, you find that you can do that, too, just one day at a time. You are always in the role of "booster," for you soon learn that your teen-ager will be cheerful with everyone else but you, and you learn to take it. You rely heavily upon the ministry of your church people, asking them to call, to write, to

pray, not just once, but many, many times. You look forward eagerly to the minister's weekly visits. You need to go to church regularly, and if possible, to continue to carry on some ministry for others, like teaching a church school class. Not a day will go by that in private and family worship you won't lift your own and your teen-ager's needs to the throne of grace. When the experience is past, you wonder how you did it; but you are certain that you all came through with God's help, much stronger Christians and more united as a Christian family.

## Where's That Man of Distinction?

(Continued from page 27)

soon too busy sampling Betty's savory food to complain. Later in the evening, even Jim Thompson, who had a reputation for seldom drinking anything non-alcoholic, went up for his fourth glass of punch. "Don't know what's in this," Jim said, "but I'll have to admit it's not bad!" As Mark had suspected he would, Jim called for a toast to the bride-and-groom-to-be. The young couple blushed as they were showered with the group's good wishes. Then the girl, her face radiant, said shyly, "If our home can be just half as happy as this one, we'll be content." Judging from the enthusiastic nodding, the guests unanimously agreed that Mark and Betty were high on everyone's list of "people I'd like to be like." As the boss was leaving, he said to Mark, "Man, we've been wasting your talents! We need more fellows like you, who are willing to stick their necks out occasionally, to help run our business."

To be sure, not everyone can rise above convention so graciously as Mark and Betty did. Some of us, less confident of our own abilities, prefer to take the easy way out and conform to whatever our crowd desires. But if we do, we can hardly blame our children if they follow our example. It takes a lot of courage to overcome evil with good. It takes a man or woman of distinction.

## Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

3. Ask each family to try to put itself in the place of a family of the other racial group.

4. How can the family learn to deal with prejudice?

a. How can study and discussion within the family help? How can religion in the family help?

b. How can actual associations in study, work, worship, and recreation correct misunderstandings and break down barriers? Give examples.

B. What can the family do to help the Christian congregation achieve fellowship which draws no "color lines"?

1. What is the practice of your church? Does it welcome people of other races as members, as visitors, or as guests on special occasion?

2. What are the next steps that your church should take?

3. Could this group prepare the way by becoming a study and action group? By suggesting a series of interracial meetings? By arranging visits with other churches? By planning a reading program and circulating pamphlets and books to the entire congregation?

4. Are parents ready to encourage their children to invite children of other races to their homes? Should not families develop friendships through their children?

## IV. Reference Material on Race Relations

A. What does the Bible teach?

1. Scripture references. Humanity is one by creation: Mal. 2:1; Acts 17:26. God is a universal God, God of every nation and race, Acts 10:28, 34-35, Gal. 3:26-28. God is the Father of all mankind and all men are brothers is the basic teaching of the New Testament, Matt. 5:16, 6:8-9. The command is to love one another, even our enemies, Matt. 5:43-48, Luke 10:25-28. The Golden Rule, Matt. 5:12. Jesus crosses racial barriers, John 4:9, 27. Jesus speaks about those who inherit the Kingdom, Matt. 25:34-40. Peter overcomes ra-

cial prejudice, Acts 11:1-18.

B. What does the church teach?

1. The National Council of Churches of Christ of the United States of America, representing thirty national denominations, renounces segregation in race relations as a violation of the gospel of love and human brotherhood. Many denominations have separately taken similar action.

C. What does science teach?

1. A splendid reading list is printed in the booklet *Sense and Nonsense About Race*, which is given in the book list.

D. Literature and books

*Seeking to Be Christian in Race Relations*, by Benjamin E. Mays, Friendship Press, New York, 1957.

*Sense and Nonsense About Race*, by Ethel J. Alpenfels, Friendship Press, New York, 1957.

*The World From Our Home*, Friendship Press, New York, 1956.

*Dynamics of Prejudice*, by Bruno Bettelheim and Morris Janowitz, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1950. \$3.50.

*The Fears Men Live By*, by Selma G. Hirsh, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1955. \$2.75.

*The Significance of Racial Differences*, by Geoffrey M. Morant, Paris, UNESCO, 1952, Twenty-five cents.

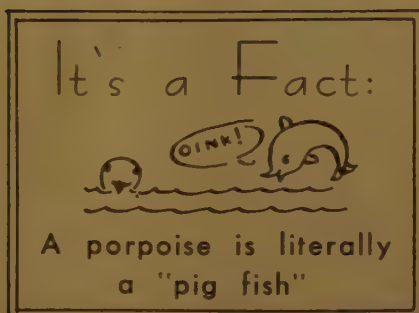
*Race*, by John Gillin, New York, National Conference of Christians and Jews, 1955. Five cents.

*Christ's Challenge—The Church with an Open Door*, by Eugene Carson Blake, The Department of Racial and Cultural Relations, the National Council of Churches, New York. Five cents.

*A Primer on Race*, Council on Christian Social Progress of the American Baptist Convention, 152 Madison Ave., New York. Five cents.

*The Kingdom Beyond Caste*, by Liston Pope, Friendship Press, New York, 1957. \$1.25, paper.

*The Story of the American Negro*, by Ina Corinne Brown, Friendship Press, New York, revised 1957. \$1.50, paper.







# BOOKS

## for the hearthside

### For Adults

Those who like a measure of history served up in fictional form will welcome **The House of Peace**, by Louisa S. Dyer (Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., N. Y., 191 pages, \$3) to their reading table. Here is an account of Indian life along the Hudson River before the coming of Henry Hudson. The Indians were not so primitively savage as we sometimes think. The changes which occurred after the coming of the great white winged ship called *Half Moon* are also graphically set forth. The coming of Dutch settlers and their dealings with the Indians reveals the fairness with which the Dutch treated them for the most part, a fact that had much influence for good years later. The book's title is taken from the name which the Indians gave to the settlement where the treaty of peace between the Iroquois and the colonists was signed in July, 1754.

Parents seeking a little more assurance in their dealing with teen-age girls will find it in **Understanding Girls**, by Clarence G. Moser (Association Press, N. Y., 1957, 252 pages, \$3.50). This is a companion book to the author's *Understanding Boys*. How girls grow and develop physically, emotionally, intellectually, and socially is discussed in the following age brackets: 6 to 8, 9 to 11, 12 to 14, and 15 to 17. Significant chapters include "The Feminine Role in Our Culture Today"; *Girls Are Different from Boys*"; "The Whys of a Girl's Behavior"; "Changing Family and Community Roles"; and the

chapters dealing with the listed age groupings. The book also has value for girls themselves, who are trying to understand what makes them tick.

### For Children

Four new titles in the series of picture-story books for children, by Ruth S. Gray, have just come from the press (The Warner Press, 1957, unpagged, \$.35 each). These titles are **Stories of Bible Days**, which explains customs, occupations, and feast days; **Stories About Jesus**, which includes familiar stories of Jesus' life; **Stories of Long Ago**, which includes familiar Old Testament stories; and **Stories of Jesus' Followers**, those who carried on Jesus' work. Each book, 5 1/4 by 6 3/4 inches in size, contains twelve carefully written stories, each illustrated with a four-color, full-page picture. Each is written in language simple enough for children 7 to 10 years of age to read and understand.

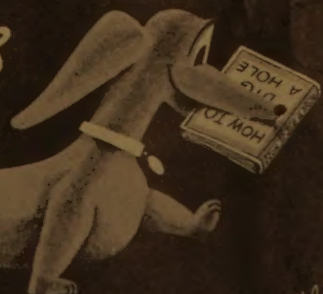
Another title in the Childhood of Famous Americans series is **Jessie Fremont, Girl of Capitol Hill**, by Jean Brown Wagoner (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1956, 192 pages, \$1.75). This biography tells of the childhood and youth of Jessie Benton, daughter of the United States Senator from Missouri, during the period of the expansion of the West. The family maintained two homes, one in Washington, D. C., and the other in St. Louis, Missouri. All of the Benton children had almost a third home on the Virginia plantation

that was their mother's girlhood home. Jessie was interested in everything, and at the age of 9 began to go with her father to Capitol Hill. Here she met and won the liking and respect of a great many different persons. Soon she was helping her father with his speeches. Some of Jessie's tomboy pranks caused some persons to fear that she would never be a "lady." All of these experiences made her the perfect wife for her famous husband, John Charles Fremont, the explorer and map-maker, and she proved to be as helpful to him in his career as she had been to her father. In time Fremont became the United States Senator from California, and the family moved back to Capitol Hill.

Clotilde Embree Funk has illustrated this book with some interesting drawings.

One of the most attractive and useful books that this reviewer has seen in some time is **The Rainbow Book of Nature**, by Donald Culross Peattie (The World Publishing Co., 1957, 320 pages, \$4.95). The seven sections of the book are "The World Is So Full"; "Each a Realm"; "The Colors of Life"; "The Forms of Life"; "Hours and Seasons"; "Living Together"; and "This Earthly Home." Each section is well illustrated with beautiful black-and-white drawings by Rudolf Freund, as well as with an occasional four-color one. There is an exceptionally good section on resources which includes book lists (divided into headings and subheadings) with each book in the list annotated; an annotated list of films, and one of recordings. *The Rainbow Book of Nature* would be an especially good resource for the family that enjoys camping, hiking, and nature study. Boys and girls from 10 years and up will enjoy reading it for themselves.

# Explore with Books




H.A. Roy



# Over the back fence

## • Is Your Clock Running Slow?

(A Guest Editorial)



One of the unpleasant experiences of a minister occurs when parents come to him with stories of sons and daughters who have made mistakes or broken parental hearts. Sometimes the parents report the cruel dislike of a child for them. They weep because they feel that they have been unjustly condemned by their own flesh and blood. At other times the tragedy revealed by the parents has to do with an unhappy marriage of a child against their wishes or with the breaking of the civil or moral law, or with the denial of the ideals and religious convictions which are precious to the father and mother. How many times have I heard parents complain that they have meant to do right by their children and have been repaid in counterfeit coin! One of the most common statements from parental lips in moments of distress over faults and failures of children is this: "We have always meant to be good guides for our sons and daughters; but we seem to have started too late." There is a sad but inescapable truth in that confession.

In the case of so many parents they permit the clock to run far behind the actual time schedule. A young married couple are happy over the three children that God has given them. One day they may say, "It's about time that we began going to church and giving our children the advantage of Christian training." But there are a host of things which lead them to delay taking the step that they themselves admit is important. The lawn has to be mowed; there are wonderful trips to take on week ends; it's so nice to rest on Sunday after working through the week. There are golfing, fishing,

swimming, visiting relatives, watching television, back yard cook-outs, extra business obligations, fraternal and club conventions, and so on and on. In the end fathers and mothers keep delaying the matter of religion in the life of the children until one day moral or physical or spiritual tragedy occurs. Then they say tearfully, "Why did this have to happen to us? We are good people. We have always believed in church and in the Christian religion."

The answer is obvious—in the matter of giving their children spiritual resources for living they have let the clock run down. As parents we actually have only about ten years to determine the destiny of our children. In a modern world with its complex structure, children are actually out of the hands of parents by the time they are ten or twelve years old. The time for parents to give children spiritual guidance is before they are ten years old. The time to be in church and church school with your children is NOW. The longer you delay acquainting them with the faith of your fathers, the less time you will have with them. If you are a parent, look at the clock. Are you letting it run behind schedule in the education of your children?

In his Letter to the Romans, the Apostle Paul suggests that Christians may be guides of the blind or contributions to blindness. They may be teachers or foolishness or teachers of true knowledge.

How is your clock running

—Warner Muir<sup>1</sup>

## • Have a Heart!

This month witnesses the annual drive for funds to support research on the diseases of the heart. American Heart Month is one national observance that means something important to all of us. There is probably not a single citizen who cannot afford to share in this campaign to some degree. Let's do our part in pushing back the frontiers of ignorance about your heart and mine.

<sup>1</sup>From *The University Christian*, Sept. 15, 1957.



## Poetry Page

### Lines to a Foster Mother

The flower of life for her was now full blown,  
And through the mists her eyes sought his abode,  
As on and up—where she must walk alone—  
Her feet were eager on the lonely road.

But when the parting mist revealed the door,  
Her footsteps slowed, and doubting filled her breast;  
She cried in grief, "Why haven't I done more?  
How can I now presume to be his guest?"

Then as she neared, she saw the open doors,  
And heaven's host, himself, was waiting there. . . .  
"Come, be my guest," he said, "for I was yours  
With every saddened one who knew your care."

—Jan Sumers

### Album Reflections

The album full of photographs  
Turns back the years in brief review.  
This generation pertly laughs  
At that before,  
The clothes it wore,  
The quaint old styles that once were new,  
All album-bound for evermore.

But these who pertly laugh at those  
Have scarcely more than time to smile  
Before their youthful laughter grows  
A trifle faint,  
Almost a plaint,  
As in the swiftly fleeting while  
They pass, themselves, from new to quaint.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

### Hangover

Your yesterday's birthday  
Was gay, little fellow;  
A presents-and-mirth day  
With cakes frosted yellow.

Today has no laughter,  
No cheerful retorts;  
On your morning after  
You're quite out of sorts.

—Laurence C. Smith

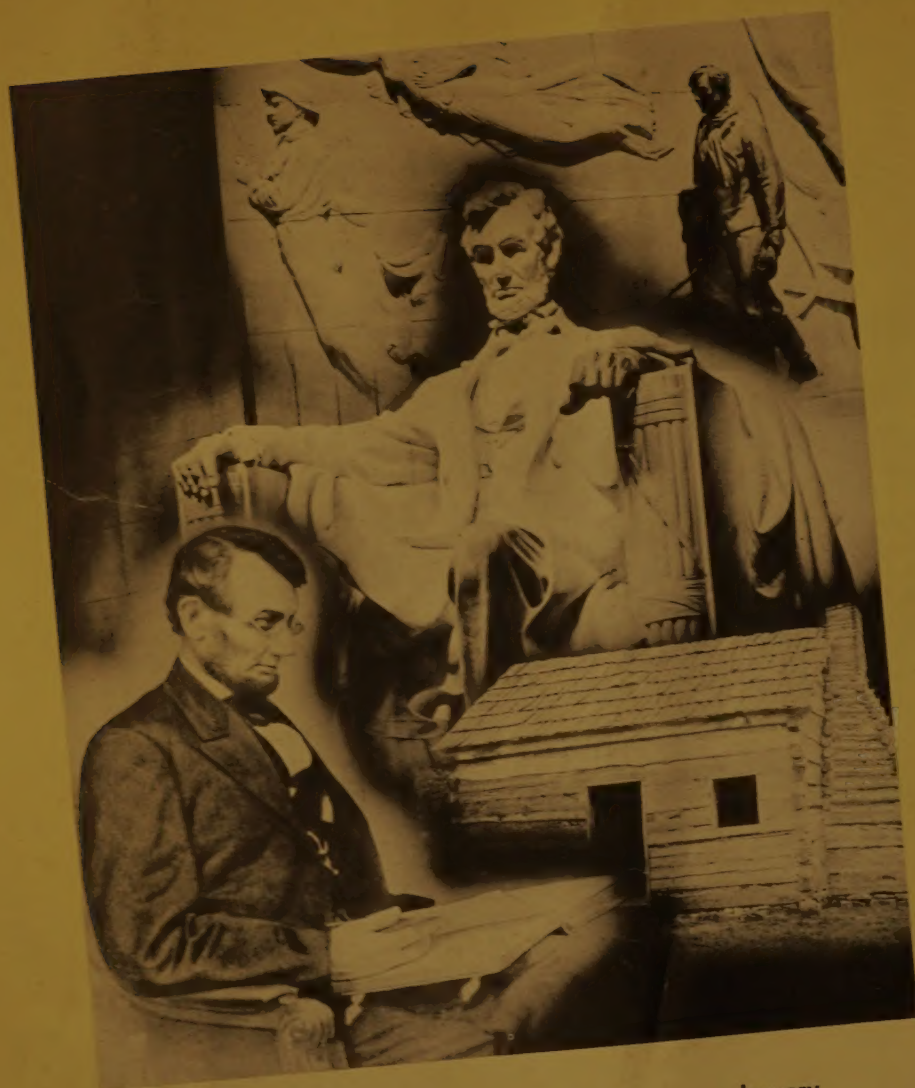
### How We Are Known

The trees can be known  
By the fruit that they yield,  
And birds by their feathers  
In tree or in field.

Just so are we known  
By the words that we say,  
And the thoughts that we think,  
And our deeds every day.

—Ellen E. Morrison





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